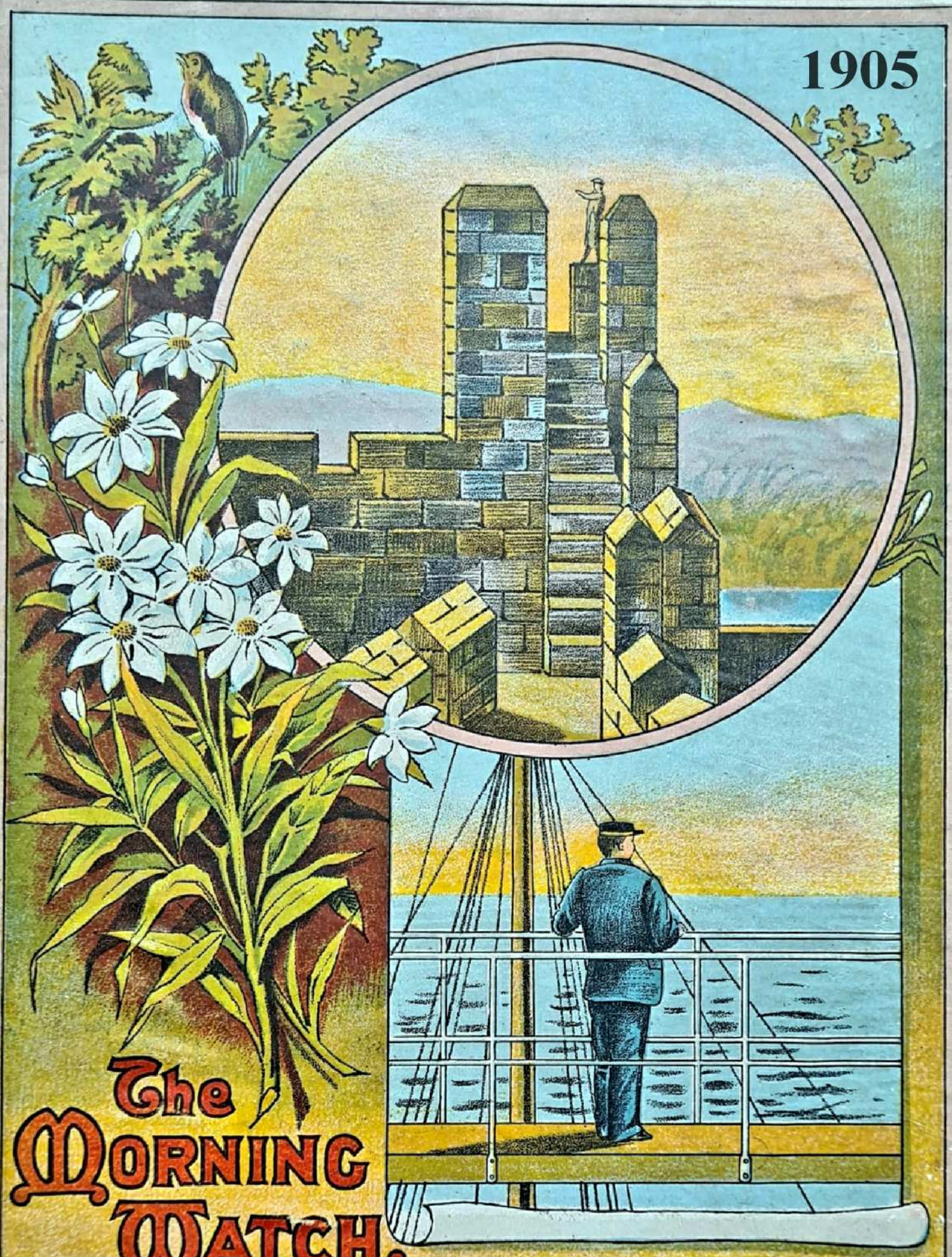

1905

The Morning Watch.

EDITED BY
REV. J. P. STRUTHERS, M.A.,
GREENOCK.

GREENOCK: JAMES McKELVIE & SONS LTD.
EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW: JOHN MENZIES & CO. LTD.
LONDON: THE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION, 57 & 59 LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

JAMES M'KELVIE & SONS LTD., LITHO.

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Volume 18.

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January, 1905. One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

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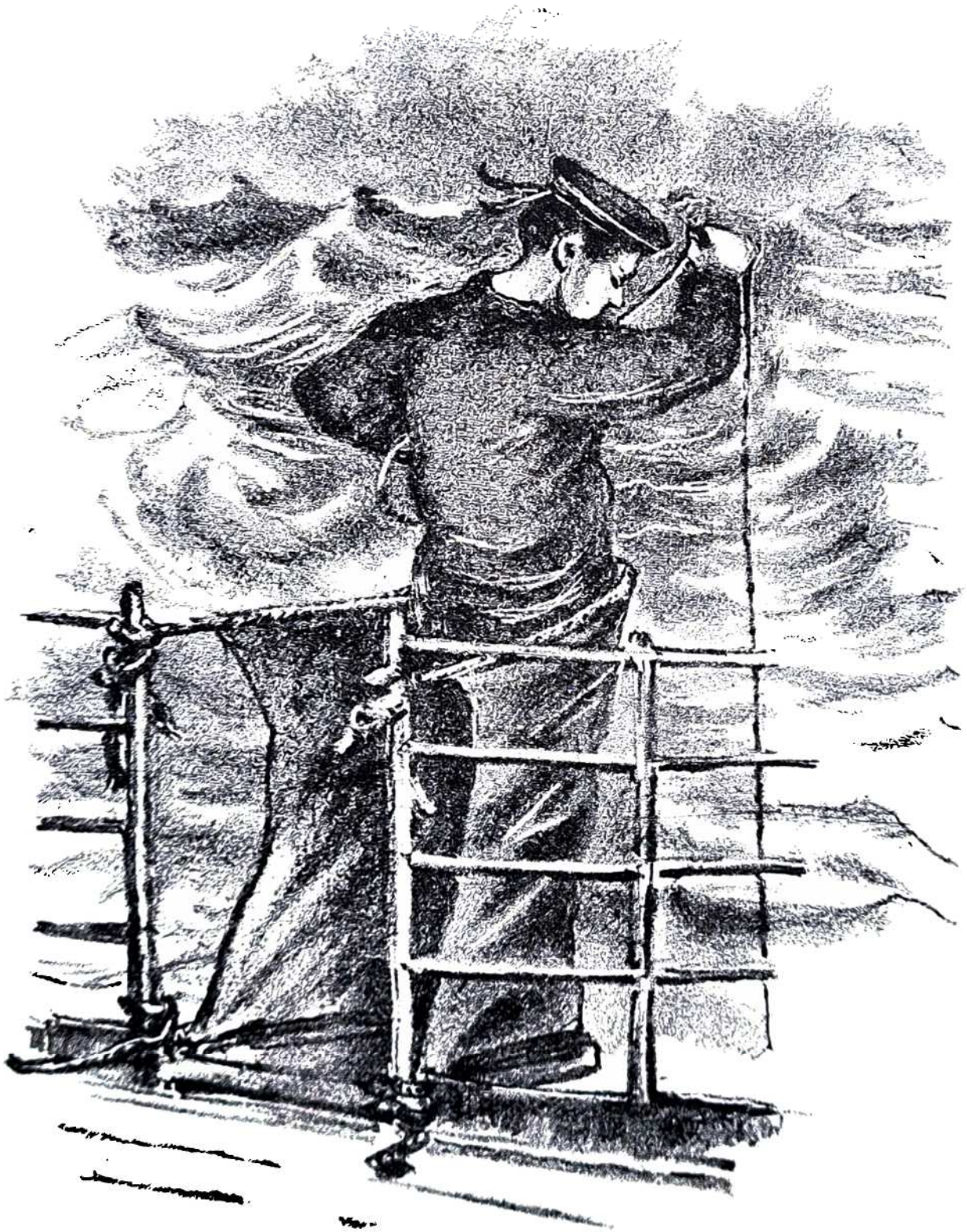
Taking Soundings.



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1st January, 1905.

And the people stood afar off, and Moses drew near unto the thick darkness where God was. Ex. 20, 21.

WHEN Captain Otto Sverdrup, who had been Nansen's brave lieutenant in his memorable Polar Expedition, was setting sail in the *Fram* once more, but this time as Captain, on a new voyage of discovery, he tells us how cloudy and cheerless that Friday morning looked, 24th June, 1898, when he and his comrades took their departure. "The only thing that made it a little warm around us," he says, "was the crowd which had collected to see us off. The quays were tightly packed with people, and every height and point was black with them, while the fjord was covered with rowing boats, sailing boats, and small steamers, which had come to see the last of us and wish us a safe return home."

Three days afterwards they set a course for the southernmost point of Greenland, and took their last look at Norway. Four months afterwards, Sabbath, October 16, they took their last look at the sun for the year, as they entered the long polar night. The sun's pale light lay dying over the inland-ice; its disc, light red, was veiled on the horizon; it was like a day in the land of the dead. All light was so hopelessly cold, all life so far away. "We stood and watched it till it sank; then everything became so still that it made me shudder—as if the Almighty had deserted us, and shut the gates of Heaven. The light died away across the mountains, and slowly vanished, while over us crept the great shades of the polar night, the night that kills all life."

For yet a few days they were still able to see a faint light on the highest mountains at noon—a suspicion of dawn in the south, which told them there was life still to be found somewhere in the world. Then, even that was gone; *they had entered on the great night.*

No wonder their hearts swelled within them as they thought of all that these four months of darkness might bring. Things terrible to think of had happened to others in like circumstances. Hither came Franklin, with a hundred-and-thirty-eight men. The polar night stopped him; not one returned. Hither came Greely, with five-and-twenty men; six returned. When Nordenskiöld wintered in the Arctic regions, seventeen of his men died of scurvy, in the midst of a superfluity of food. The last of them was found dead, in a sitting posture, dressed in his fur clothes, with mittens on his hands, holding a piece of salt pork. Tins of fresh preserved food were lying unopened round about, while the contents of the salt-meat barrel were half eaten up. "And yet,"

adds the brave Captain, "in spite of all that had happened, in spite of all the horrors that had been experienced, we felt, on the whole, secure."

Sixty years ago, on the last day of December, 1844, Lord Dalhousie, then a young man of 32, with his great future lying all undreamt of before him, was writing in his Diary, in his bedroom, low, dispirited, and ill. "I am just in the mood," he says, "to think less of giving welcome to the young year, whose birth the bells are announcing, than of bidding farewell to the gloomy parting of 1844."

So, doubtless, some of us are feeling to-day. 1904 will be a sadly memorable year. It has been a dark year for Scotland. It has been a year that will never be forgotten throughout the vast empire of Russia and the many islands of Japan, by scores of thousands of desolate widows and orphans, and betrothed maidens for whom there can now be no marriage song, and fathers and mothers made childless for evermore. What this year may bring forth no man can foresee. It is still a day of darkness and of gloominess, a day of clouds and of thick darkness. Into that darkness you and I and all men and all nations must now go. But if we trust in God we need fear no evil. Christ as our Forerunner has gone through the veil, and the darkness is "but the shadow of His Wings."

What is Thy Name?—Gen. 32, 27.

"The word that is the Symbol of Myself."—Tennyson.

"Since I understood the meaning of my own Name, it hath been of some use to me: I pray that it may be so also to thee."—Walter Pringle of Greenknow, a Covenanter, writing to his child, 16th March, 1663.

(Continued from Vol. XVII., page 137.)

What is thy name? Margaret.

These Notes on Girls' Names were begun in the January Number, 1899. *Abigail* was the first name, *Margaret* is the sixty-ninth, and there are, if all goes well, about other forty still to do.

James Melville, 1556-1614, Professor of Oriental Languages at St. Andrews, had a little daughter MARGARET who died in 1594, when she was scarcely seven months old. In his *Diary* he says of her, "She never laughed in this life." Whether that was so or not, we may be sure that even while she was here her heart was glad, and that ever since in God's presence she has had fulness of joy.

There were many worthy MARGARETS amongst the Covenanters, of whom I shall only mention five. 1. MARGARET LACHLISON, a widow over 63 years of age, and 2. MARGARET WILSON, aged 18, who were drowned in the water of Bladnoch near Wigtown, 1685.

"Within the sea ty'd to a stake
She suffered for Christ Jesus' sake."

What is thy name? Margaret.

3. MARGARET, the young daughter of Lord Wariston, better known as Sir Archibald Johnston, stayed with her father in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh all the time of his imprisonment. It was he who wrote part of the National Covenant of Scotland, and read the whole document to the great crowd in Greyfriars churchyard, 28 Feb., 1638. He was hanged at the Market Cross in 1663.

4. MARGARET SCOTT of Stranraer gave to the Covenanting army seven twenty-two shilling pieces and one eleven shillings' piece of gold. Being asked how she was able to give so much, she said, "I was gathering, and had laid up this to be a portion to a young daughter I had; and whereas the Lord lately hath pleased to take my daughter to Himself, I thought I would give Him her tocher also."

5. MARGARET ELIOT, afterwards LADY STEWART of Coltness, who died at the age of 37, June 8, 1675, asked her sisters to pin the curtains round her bed that "when dying, she might not be gazed upon." Yet there are few people of whose last moments we have a fuller account. "Sirs," she said to some who were in the room, "this night I will be with my son Johnnie." Then a little after she added, "Fie upon me! fie upon me! What is this I am saying of my son Johnnie? I will be this night with my God and my Lord Jesus." When they told her not to use up her strength in speaking but to try to sleep, she said, "Shall I sleep now when I am going to die? Would ye hinder me to speak now when I have not above an hour to speak in this world?"

The mother of Dr. Thomas Reid, the head of what is known as the Scottish School of Philosophy, was MARGARET GREGORY, who died in 1732, one of the nine and twenty children of David Gregory of Kinairdy in Banffshire. Three of her brothers were Professors of Mathematics, one of them, the friend of Newton, at Oxford, one at Edinburgh, and one at St. Andrews. Several others of her kinsmen were also Professors, some of them eminent in Philosophy and some in Medicine, one of these latter, Dr. James Gregory, 1753-1821, being the compounder of the *mixture* of most bitter memory. David Gregory's mother, Janet Anderson, was the daughter of David Anderson, the most capable mechanic of his time in Scotland, known as "Davie-Do-a'-Things" from his skill in engineering and construction work. He was specially admired by the Aberdonians for the ingenuity he showed in raising and transporting by means of floats and the force of the rising tide a great stone that had blocked the entrance to the harbour.

Robert Southey the poet says of his mother, MARGARET HILL, that "never was any human being blest with a sweeter temper or a happier disposition." She had been remarkably beautiful till she was nearly two years old, when her nurse carried her one day to see the prisoners at Newgate, and there she took smallpox in its most malignant form. Her face was seamed with scars ever afterwards. Her father taught her to whistle, and to the end of her days—she died in 1802, aged 50—"she could whistle a song-tune as sweetly as a skilful player could have performed it upon the flute." The art of

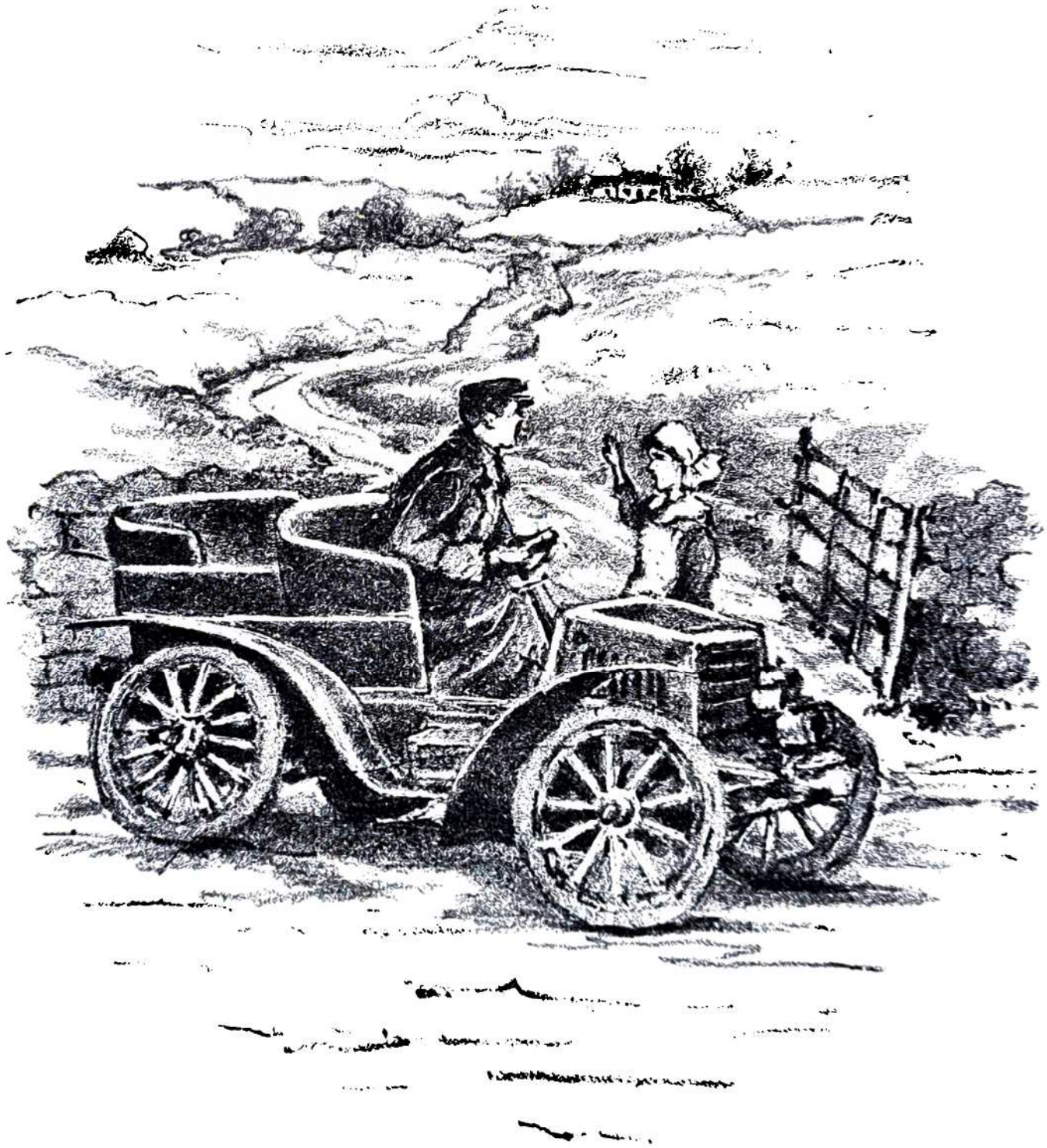
What is thy name?

whistling is one of God's great gifts, not only to birds, but to almost every boy and girl, but we misuse it when we are young, and neglect it, unhappily, when we grow up, and then God takes it from us altogether to our great loss and shame.

The Little Roadmakers.

"There's Mother calling us, and we're not half done!"

"A Fine Young English Gentleman."



"If you please, Sir, my Grandfather lives up the hill there, and he is over ninety, and is very anxious to see a motor-car, he has heard so much about them. He wouldn't be pleased if he knew I was asking you, but some

day, Sir, if you are passing and have time—but perhaps the road is too steep."

"*Not at all, that hill's nothing! I was just wondering if there wasn't a short cut that way to Keilour. I shall be coming back in an hour, and I'll take a run up, and if your Grandfather is at the door I'll ask him about the roads; and if he would like a drive I'll take him a mile or two and home again, and we'll go as slow, or as fast, as he chooses.*"

A Hundred Years Ago, and A Hundred Years Hence.

A HUNDRED years ago to-day, nine months before he set sail for that far East where he was so soon to die, Henry Martyn, Senior Wrangler, First Smith's Prizeman, Fellow of St. John's, then only three-and-twenty, wrote these words in his Journal :—

"Jan. 1, 1805. Hitherto hath the Lord helped me. It is now about five years since God stopped me in the career of worldliness, and turned me from the paths of sin : three years and a-half since I turned to the Lord with all my heart : and a little more than two years since He enabled me to devote myself to His service as a Missionary. I can truly say that in the course of this time every successive year, every successive week, has been happier than the former. In spite of all my unbelieving fears, the Lord has given me a hope full of immortality. . . . . It is the beginning of a critical year to me ; yet I feel little apprehension. The same grace and long suffering, the same wisdom and power that have brought me so far, will bring me on, though it be through fire and water, to a goodly heritage. I see no business before me in life but the work of Christ, neither do I desire any employment to all eternity but His service. I am a sinner saved by grace. . . . Now to God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, would I solemnly renew my self-dedication to be His servant for ever."

When John Huss, the Bohemian Reformer, was condemned to be burnt by the Roman Catholic Council of Constance in 1415, and they had taken from him a chalice which they had put into his hand, saying, "We take from you this cup filled with the blood of the Lord Jesus," he made answer, "I hope by the mercy of God to drink this very day of His cup in His Own Kingdom, and in one hundred years you shall answer before God and before me."

A hundred years after to-day, when 1st January, 2005, comes round, where will you and I be? What answer shall we then be making before God and before one another?

Be like Henry Martyn. Take Christ as your Saviour. Give yourselves to God. Do it in writing. Say it in your own words. Tell God, just as if you were writing a letter to Him, that you wish to be His, here and hereafter. Date it, and sign it, and then lay it past where no eye but His can see it.

As vinegar to the teeth, and as smoke to the eyes, so is the sluggard to them that send him.—Prov. 10, 26.

"Heaving the Lead."

SCORES, hundreds, of ships of all kinds and sizes pass up and down the river Clyde at Greenock every week. There is no channel that varies less, or is better known, in the whole world. Yet, whenever men-of-war come here, either singly or in fleets, every one of them has two leadsmen, one on each side. That is a rule in the Navy. Nothing is to be "taken for granted." The ship in front may be of deeper draught and has taken soundings only four minutes ago, the one that follows her must take soundings for herself. "As long as a ship is within sight of land the lead must be kept going."

The lead weighs ten pounds and takes not only a strong but a clever man to throw it. Anybody could

drop a line into the water, and read the depth by the different coloured rags that are fixed on it at regular intervals, if a ship were at anchor or standing still. But when it is going, say, five knots an hour, the lead has to be thrown so far forward that it should be touching the bottom, and no more, when the line, as in the illustration, is straight up and down. In order that that may be done, the lead has often to be swung right round in a circle, parallel with the side of the ship, two or three times before it is let go. A careless or inexperienced man might send it flying all over the deck, or even, as a Captain has told me, right into the water on the other side of the ship!

We are all setting out on a voyage. What the year may bring forth, none of us knows. The whole way, every step of the way, is new to us, and every one of us has to go alone. And yet not alone, for we can take Christ with us in the boat.

The Battle of the Alphabet.

O! for a wit and power of rhyme,
Like Browning's or like Lowell's,
To sing of strife there was one time
'Twixt the Consonants and Vowels.

"We Consonants can stand alone"—
'Twas thus the strife arose—
"Not so you Vowels, 'tis well known,
You grant it, I suppose?

"You see, your very origin
Is Proletarian,[1]
Whereas a Consonant's an In-
Dependent Gentleman.

"A beggar's brat but opes his mouth,
A *Vowel's* born straightway!
For *us* must move up, down, north, south,
Men's jaws, tongues, uvulae.[2]

"B, C, D, F, G, H, J, K,
L, M, N, P, try Q!
Even R not every one can say;
S, T, V, W.

"What thrusts, and checks, and counter-checks,
Of throat and teeth and lip!
How hard the mysteries of X,
The powers of Z, to grip!

"And then, just think, when we combine,
What glory and what greatness!
H.M.,[3] what majesty divine!
B.Sc.,[4] what sedateness!

"There's *H.R.H.*,[5] *F.M.*, *K.G.*,
V.C., and *F.R.S.*,
The trinity of *L.S.D.*
All worship more or less.

"There's *K.C.*,[6] *LL.D.*, *D.D.*,
(I don't say *they* mean much),
M.P., the people's breath; *Kt.*,
Given by a sovereign's touch.

"*We* are the things men seek to win
By Arms, Arts, Politesse,
For us they even take Medicine—
F.R.C.P. and *S.*[7]

"I meant to add *R.S.V.P.*[8]
That's French for *Please Reply*—
But answer cannot easy be,
You're crushed so thoroughly!

"So here's my card with *P.P.C.*[9]
That's French again! *Goodbye!*
But don't you wish that you were we,
A, E, I, O, U, Y?"

1. The *Proletarii* in ancient Rome were the poorest of the poor, people with children and no means to support them.

2. The little thing that hangs down from the roof of the mouth at the top of the throat.

3. His Majesty. 4. Bachelor of Science.

5. His Royal Highness, Field Marshal, Knight of the Garter, Fellow of the Royal Society. 6. King's Counsel.

7. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons.

8. *Répondez s'il vous plait.*

9. *Pour prendre congé*, "to take leave."

"Oh no!" a Vowel spake forthwith,
"We're happy as we be,
Though we may lack the grace and pith
Of Z, X, Q, et C.

"Yet each needs each; we form one team;
As well try part asunder
The sun and moon, or lightning's gleam
From crack and crash of thunder.

"But if we part, 'twill not be we
Shall be the most undone;
We can live independently,
You need us, every one.

"And great your honours though they be,
I dare make this avowal,
They all come short of the degree
That is of our bestowal.

"You give your honours to the high,
To men of quality,
But every soul that lives in *I*
Claims personality.

"Each to himself is always *I*,
Yet always *U* to *U*,
And *U* is *I* unchangeably
When you yourself do view!"

"But what of *O!* the shriek of pain?"
L.S.D. sneering cried,
"And when stuck in between the twain,
Is boasting justified?

"An *I O U*[10]—what is it worth?
The paper it is writ on!
The debtor's sanctuary, no berth
For any honest Briton!

"If all I have *O* takes from me,
I'm utterly bereft!
There's neither personality,[11]
Nor personalty left!"

"Yes, *I O U* doth humble me,
But *Y, E, A's* my boast,
And *A, Y, E's* eternity
Regained, though it was lost.

"Christ is both *A* and *O*[12], even He
Who is the *Y, E, A;*
He speaketh with authority,
He hateth to say 'Nay.'

"The things that were against me writ
He nailed them to His cross,
My debt is paid, and I'm acquit,
My Surety bare the loss.

"*I O* that was the debtor's wail
Is now the ransomed's song;
'Io, Io,'[13] they shout, 'All Hail,
Most Mighty and Most Strong!'

"And as they used both sword and trowel[14]
Who built Jerusalem's wall,
Gruff Consonant and homely Vowel
We're needed, one and all,

"To sing the praises of the King
Who is the First, the Last,
So, ALLELOUIA[15] let us sing!
Our crowns before Him cast!

---

10. When a man borrows, say, £2 from you, he may give you either a *promissory note*, which needs to be stamped, or else a paper with simply the date and your name and his signature on it and these words: "I O U Two Pounds." That is called an I.O.U. These three letters are taken as meaning "*I owe you.*" Two months afterwards he will call on you again, *perhaps* to repay you, more probably to ask for other £5; in which case he will say with a sweet smile, "And I'll give you another I O U for it, you know," as if that made it all right.

11. *Personalty* means money. *Personality* means self-consciousness, the feeling that we have a will of our own, and that we are responsible. Fichte, a German philosopher, made a feast the day his little boy said "I" for the first time.

12. Alpha and Omega are the first and last letters of the Greek alphabet. Rev. 22, 13. *Omega* means great or long ō, as *Omicron*, little ŏ.

"In Christ is the yea." 2 Cor. 1, 20. (R.V.)

13. Īō Īō was the triumphal shout of the Roman soldier, like our *hurrah*.

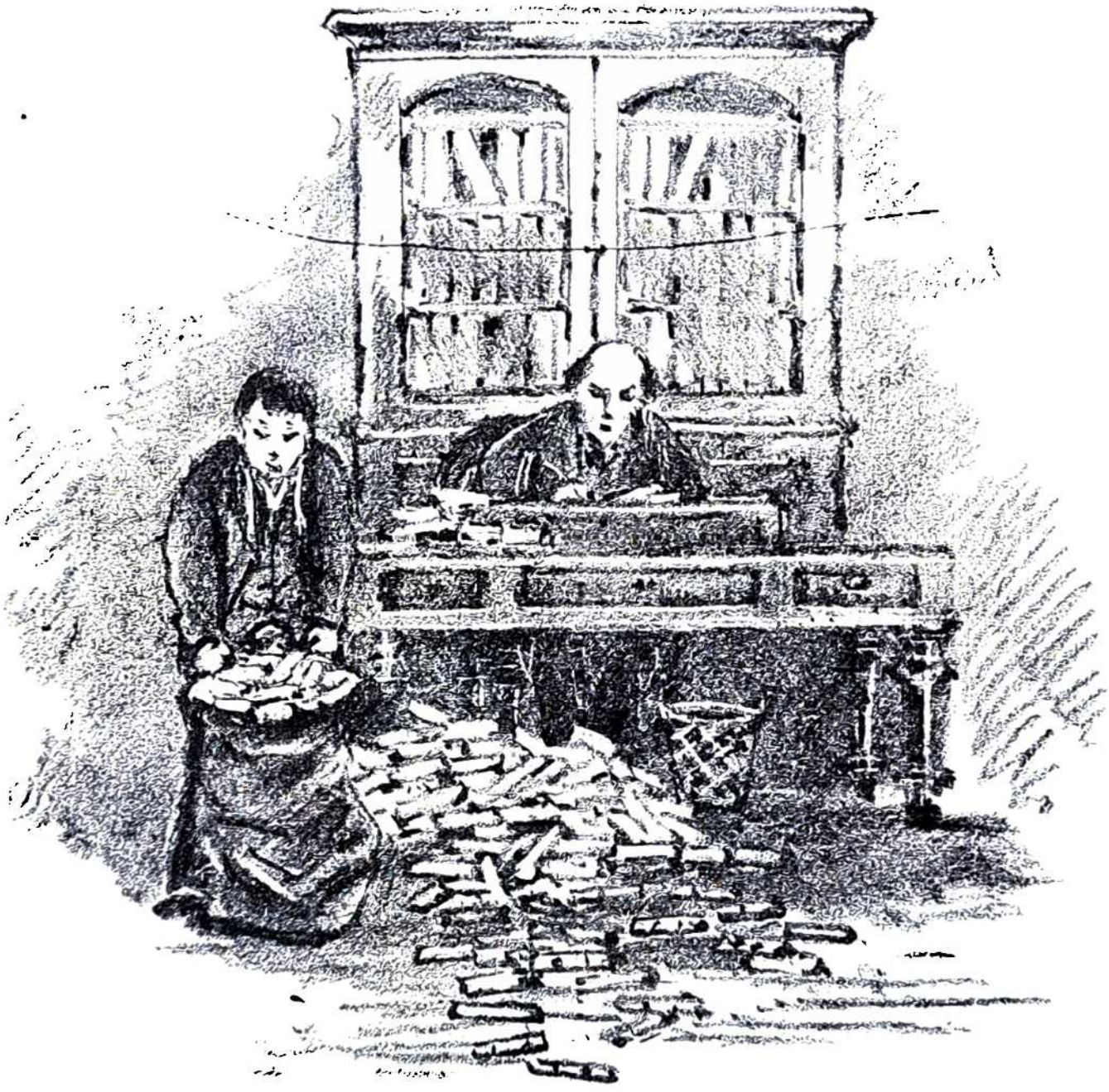
14. Nehemiah 4, 17.

15. So the Greeks spelled the word. Notice how many of the vowels are in it.

"The hissing Shibboleths[16], our pride
On this side Jordan's stream,
Are all, amongst the glorified,
Forgotten like a dream.

"There every note and sound that's heard
A suckling's lips can frame,
Like *Allelouia* 's every word
They sing before the Lamb."

16. Judges 12, 6.



This Man is sending out, for the third time this year to the same people, 2750 forms of proposals for Insurance with the "Absolutely Safe Impregnable Preferential Life Assurance Co. (Established 1903; with which is incorporated the "Infant's and Old Man's Guaranteed Perpetuity Society, Limited," founded 1902). But he is not going to Church on New Year's Day, because the Minister is to preach on "Numbering our days," and he doesn't think it fair of ministers to annoy and harass people that way.

1	S	I heard a great voice of much people in heaven, saying, Alleluia; Salvation, and glory, and honour, and power, unto the Lord our God.—*Rev. 19.*
2	M	And again they said, Alleluia (Hebrew for *Praise ye Jehovah).*
3	Tu	Praise our God, all ye His servants, both small and great.
4	W	Alleluia; for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.—So exclaimed Lord Elgin, Governor-General of India, when told he was dying, 1863.
5	Th	Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb.
6	F	He was called Faithful and True.
7	S	He treadeth the winepress of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God.
8	S	She hath done what she could.—*Mark 14, 8.*
9	M	Well done!—*Matt. 25, 23.* "As we bade good bye to Norway each of us made a promise in his mind that he would not return without having done, at any rate, so much that our land and folk would not be put to shame."—*Capt. Sverdrup.*
10	Tu	Give diligence to present thyselt approved unto God,
11	W	A workman that needeth not to be ashamed.—*2 Tim. 2, 15 (R. V.).*
12	Th	Remove from me reproach and contempt.—*Ps. 119, 22.*
13	F	Some shall awaken to everlasting contempt.—*Dan. 12, 2.*
14	S	He is able to present you faultless.—*Jude 24.*
15	S	Man, whose breath is in his nostrils.—*Is. 1, 22.*
16	M	They did cry there, Pharaoh king of Egypt is but a noise.—*Jer. 46, 17.*
17	Tu	They were but flesh; a wind that passeth away.—*Ps. 78, 39.*
18	W	I sat chief. And now am I their song.—*Job 29, 25; 30, 9.*
19	Th	I must leave my labour unto the man that shall be after me.—*Eccl. 2, 18.*
20	F	They shall not lament for him, saying, Ah my brother!—*Jer. 22, 18.*
21	S	The world passeth away.—*1 John 2, 17.* "As I sat beside Mr. Lowe (Lord Sherbrooke) on the Treasury Bench, I tried to cheer him by saying, 'It is no small thing to have been Chancellor of the Exchequer.' 'Ah!' he replied, 'the bloom is off the plum'."—*Grant Duff's Diary.*
22	S	They sow the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind.—*Hos. 8, 7 (R. V.).*
23	M	The lips of a fool will swallow up himself.—*Eccl. 10, 12.*
24	Tu	The wicked is snared in the work of his own hands.—*Ps. 9, 16.*
25	W	He that perverteth his ways shall be known.—*Pr. 10, 19.* "James Beresford, who was always noisy in school, played truant one day to go to a concert. There was such an unusual quietness, owing to his absence, that the master looked round and said, 'Where's Beresford?' Next day poor Beresford was flogged."—*Southey's Autobiography.*
26	Th	The folly of fools is only folly.—*Prov. 14, 24 (R. V.).*
27	F	The way of him that is laden with guilt is exceeding crooked.—*Ch. 21, 8.*
28	S	The plowing of the wicked is sin.—*Ch. 21, 4.*
29	S	The Lord thy God bare thee, as a man doth bear his son.—*Deut. 1, 31.*
30	M	The Lord God is a sun and a shield.—*Ps. 84, 11 (R. V.).*
31	Tu	He shall cover thee with His pinions.—*Ps. 91, 4.* "When the Queen of Sweden was carrying her grandchild at its baptism, in 1882, the King walked by its side, shading the light from its eyes with his cocked hat and feathers."—*Sir Horace Rumbold's Recollections.*

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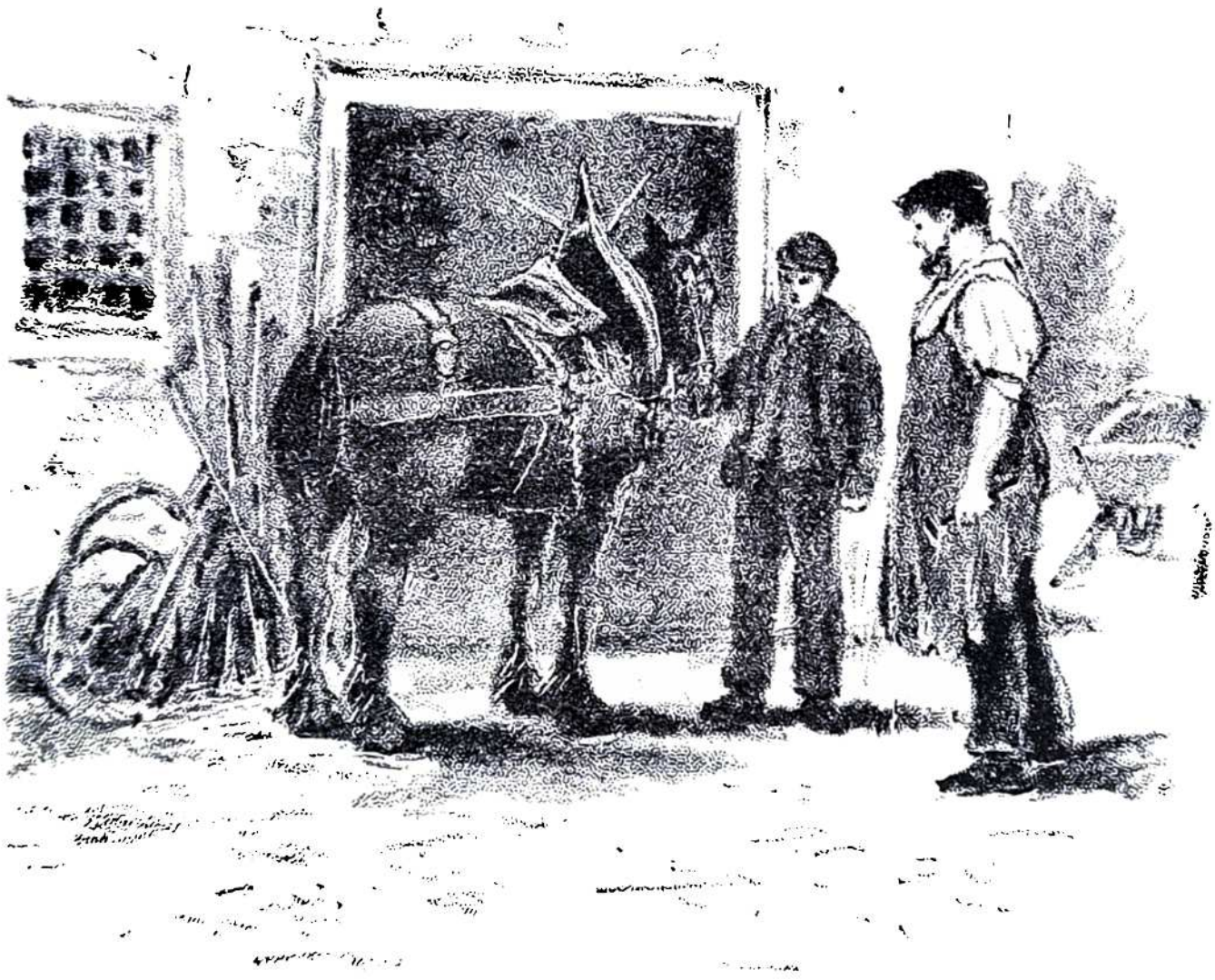
February, 1905. One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XVIII. *Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.* NO. 2.



"Oh no! there's not much wrong with Bucephalus!"

Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the blacksmith.
There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold him
Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything.

—*Longfellow's Evangeline.*

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And thy life shall hang in doubt before thee; and thou shalt fear night and day, and shalt have none assurance of thy life. —Deut. 28, 66.

THE late Professor Henry Drummond, we are told in his *Life*, invented a game for his fellow-guests one wet night in a country house near Pitlochrie in the Highlands. "They play it in America," he said, "with bowie knives. Four men are locked into a dark room, each in a corner, and the survivor wins. We'll do without the knives; the doors and the shutters shall be shut, each of us will stand in a corner, and the first who gets on another man's back will be the winner." The man who tells the story says it was the most exciting game he ever played. Nobody stirred from his corner for twenty minutes. Then he heard a scuffle between two of the others, felt his way to fling himself on both of them, when Mr. Drummond pounced on him, and they all rolled in a heap, Mr. Drummond of course on the top—as he always was.

Soldiers and sailors are playing that fearsome game now in Eastern Asia and on the High Seas, are playing it with rifles and bayonets, with torpedoes and floating mines. And when we lie down at night, so cosy in our beds, we should pray, and pray earnestly, for those poor men, who know that whether they wake or sleep there is even less than a step between them and death.

We should pray, too, for all poor creatures who have committed crimes and are in flight, or in hiding, who start when they hear a footfall behind them, and tremble at every corner that they come to.

What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32, 27.

A Good Name is better than Precious Ointment.—ECCL. 7, 1.

(Continued from page 5.)

What is thy name? Margaret.

MARGARET BEAUFORT, mother of Henry VII., said that if the Princes of Christendom were willing to combine against the Turk, she would attend them as their laundress in the camp. It was through the marriage of her eldest daughter MARGARET to James IV. of Scotland that James VI. succeeded to the throne of England when Queen Elizabeth died.

Sir David Brewster, 1781–1868, Principal of Edinburgh University, the inventor of the Kaleidoscope, used to leave his play, when he was a boy in Jedburgh, and climb up to a window in the ruined abbey from which he could see a little girl MARGARET SOMERVILLE playing in her father's garden. His love lasted into his early manhood, but he

What is thy name? Margaret.

"made no sign," and she died unmarried, unaware of his affection for her.

Mr. J. M. Barrie has given us some wonderfully vivid pictures of his mother, MARGARET OGILVY, in her early days. We hear her screaming with excitement when her father began to repeat 'The Cameronian's Dream':

> In a dream of the night I was wafted away
> To the moorlands of mist where the martyrs lay;
> Where Cameron's sword and his Bible are seen
> Engraved on the stone where the heather grows green.
>
> 'Twas a dream of those ages of darkness and blood,
> When the minister's home was the mountain and wood,
> When in Wellwood's dark mountains the standard of Zion
> All bloody and torn 'mong the heather was lying.

Again, we see her carrying her father's dinner through the parks. "She is singing to herself and gleefully swinging the flagon, she jumps the burn and proudly measures the jump with her eye, but she never dallies unless she meets a baby, for she was so fond of babies that she must hug each one she met, but while she hugged them she also noted how their robes were cut, and afterwards made paper patterns, which she concealed jealously, and in the fulness of time her first robe for her eldest born was fashioned from one of these patterns, made when she was in her twelfth year. . . . She was eight when her mother's death made her mistress of the house and mother to her little brother, and from that time she scrubbed and mended and baked and sewed, and argued with the flesher about the quarter pound of beef and penny bone which provided dinner for two days (but if you think that this was poverty you don't know the meaning of the word), and she carried the water from the pump, and had her washing-days and her ironings and a stocking always on the wire for odd moments—all these things she did as a matter of course, leaping joyfully from bed in the morning because there was so much to do, doing it thoroughly and sedately, and then rushing out in a fit of childishness to play dumps or palaulays with others of her age. . . . . Her favourite costume when she was at the age that they make heroines of was a pale blue with a pale blue bonnet, the white ribbons of which tied aggravatingly beneath the chin. . . . There are old people still who tell with wonder in their eyes how she could bake twenty-four bannocks in the hour, and not a chip in one of them."

Lads that have Something still to Learn.

7TH SERIES.

THAT lad was a bit tired when he sat down, for he had walked thirteen miles. But I think he would have been sorry, if he had known that the young woman, who entered the carriage when he left it, was to have her pretty new dress badly soiled by the mud that came off his boots. If one's feet are too dirty to be stretched out on one's

own handkerchief, they are not fit to be laid on a Railway Company's cushion. A cushion is not a carpet, and a cushion in a railway carriage is not only the property of the men and women who are the shareholders, but it is also the seat of the men and women who are the passengers.

What the lad should have done, if he was so very tired, was this. He should have taken the advertisement sheet of his newspaper, or the sheet on which there was least reading, cutting it nicely, not tearing it off unevenly, and spread it on the seat. Then he should have folded the rest of the paper neatly, and either put it in his pocket if he wished to keep it, or left it on the seat for some one who might come in, to whom a newspaper, and especially a 'found' one, would give pleasure.

And that is what the lad is always going to do after this, for he is a nice fellow, and is not above taking a lesson from any one. "Reprove a wise man, and he will love thee. Give instruction to a wise man, and he will be yet wiser."

What is Thine Occupation?—Jonah 1, 8.

A Smith.

(A Bible Class Exercise, by Miss Annie H. Kirkwood. I have not thought it necessary to give the References. Some of them are taken from the Revised Version. I have added one or two of the Notes.—Ed. M. W.)

For since the birth of time, throughout all ages and nations,
Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the people.
—Longfellow's Evangeline.

'Smith' in this article does not apply to workers in precious metals. A *blacksmith* was so called because he delivered his work black, as it came from the forge, untouched by file or any tool save his hammer.

1.—His Training by God and his Parents.

Hiram, a man skilful to work in brass and iron. . . . He was filled with wisdom and understanding. . . . He was a widow's son of the tribe of Naphtali, and his father was a man of Tyre, a worker in brass. (Most lads will learn their father's trade quicker than any other. *—Henry Broadhurst, M.P.*)

2.—His Tools.

He worketh in the coals, and fashioneth it with hammers, and worketh it with his strong arm. . . . He smiteth the anvil. . . . The bellows blow fiercely.

3.—His Work: makes and sharpens tools; makes armour and weapons of war, cooking utensils, locks, hinges, gates.

The smith maketh an axe. . . A new sharp threshing instrument having teeth. . . . There was no smith found throughout all the land, but all the Israelites went down to the Philistines to sharpen every man his spear, and his coulter, and his axe, and his mattock. . . . Furbish the spears, and put on the brigandine (coat of mail). . . . Greaves of brass. . . . Helmet of brass. . . . Vessels of brass and iron. . . . Sodden in a brazen pot. . . . An iron pan. . . . Pots and shovels Grate of brass. . . . As the door turneth upon his hinges. . . . They set up the doors of the fish-gate, the bolts thereof, and the bars thereof. . . . The contentions of brethren are like the bars of a castle. . . . Thy bars shall be iron and brass. . . . The iron gate. . . . Prepared iron in abundance for nails. (Yea, coin of gold and silver may be better spared in a Commonwealth than Nails.—*Thomas Fuller.*) . . . Rings, taches or clasps, network of brass. . . . Bedstead of iron. . . . Fetters of iron.

4.—His Responsibility to God.

Behold, I have created the smith that bloweth the coals in the fire, and that bringeth forth an instrument of his work. . . . No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper.

5.—His Hardships.

The sweat of thy face. . . . Their visage is blacker than a coal. . . . I have eaten ashes. . . . They gather brass and iron into the midst of the furnace, to blow the fire upon it. . . . The bellows blow fiercely. . . . Burning coals fall

upon them. . . . They compass themselves about with sparks. . . . The mote that is in thy brother's eye, the beam that is in thine own. . . . He is hungry, his strength faileth, he drinketh no water. . . . The bellows are burnt.

"The glover, work he, or be he idle, has no bleared eyes — no hands seared with the hot iron, and welked by the use of the fore-hammer—no hair rusted in the smoke, and singed in the furnace, like the hide of a badger."—*The Fair Maid of Perth.*

6.—His Sorrows: his work at best imperfect; good work lost, destroyed, not paid for, put to bad use whether intentionally or not; visitors putting off his time; asked to do something wrong.

He smote the King of Israel between the joints of the harness. . . . . The axe-head fell into the water. . . . Alas, my master, for it was borrowed. . . . All the carved work they break down. . . . A man goeth into the forest with his neighbour, and his hand fetcheth a stroke with the axe to cut down the tree, and the head slippeth from the helve, and lighteth upon his neighbour that he die. . . . They bound Samson with fetters of brass. . . . One of the soldiers with a spear pierced His side. . . . In His hands the print of the nails.

Then riding further past an armourer's,
Who, with back turn'd and bow'd above his work,
Sat riveting a helmet on his knee,
He put the self-same query; but the man,
Not turning round, nor looking at him, said:
Friend, he that labours for the tournament
Has little time for idle questioners.

—*Tennyson's Enid.*

"I'm rather nice about what I sell, and whom I sell to. I like to know my customer," said Nicolo Caparra.
"But that is only defensive armour," said Tito; "it can hurt nobody."
"True, but it may make the man who wears it feel himself all the safer if he should want to hurt somebody. No, no, it's not my own work, but it's fine work of Maso of Brescia. I should be loth for it to cover the heart of a scoundrel. I must know who is to wear it." . . . "But have you the money to pay for it? Twenty florins. You know my sign, the burning account books." . . . Then he reached down the finely wrought coat made to cheat sword, or poniard, or arrow. It fell together into little more than two handfuls.

George Eliot's Romola.

Abbas Pacha, when his foot-sore runner begged for a pair of shoes, caused a blacksmith to nail red-hot horse shoes to his soles.

(To be continued.)

A Fine Young English Gentleman.

No. 2.

The man who cut down a favourite tree to improve his neighbours' view.

A NEIGHBOUR is a person to whom we do a neighbourly turn. So our Lord tells us in the story of the Good Samaritan. He may live next door to us, or across the street, or a mile or 12,000 miles away; it doesn't matter. We make him *our* neighbour by shewing ourselves *his* neighbour.

The young English doctor, of whom I am to tell you, had for his nearest neighbours two elderly

maiden ladies and their bachelor brother. And very disagreeable neighbours they were. The two houses were about eighty yards apart, a public road separating them, but there were no comings or goings between them. The Crooms, for that was their name, had had their disappointments, like every other body, but their sorrows had done them no good and had only left them bitter. They had something bad to say about everybody, the doctor and his young wife and their little daughter, and his two maids and his visitors, included. They had few visitors of their own, and as they had nothing to do, and had as much money as kept them comfortable, they were very, very miserable.

The doctor and his household did them as many kind turns as they could, notably the month of the great rain when the burn overflowed and the drains were choked, but the Crooms gave them no thanks and only suspected and disliked them the more. Their greatest happiness consisted in telling people, who came to their door asking if Doctor So-and-So lived here, that they knew nothing about him.

The doctor and his wife got to know this, of course, but they only pitied them the more, and hoped for some new chance to do them a kindness. For example. The Crooms had a dog which had learnt their snarling way, and was consequently an object of great interest to all message boys, who laid in stores of the biggest stones they could find whenever they were to pass that way. One day one of them, affecting to flee in terror before it, led the dog into an ambush where three other boys were hiding, and between them the poor dog got a sore mauling. The doctor coming up at the time rescued it, took it into his house, getting one or two bites for his pains, washed and bandaged its leg, gave it a bone, and then let it go. Ever after the dog wagged its tail whenever it saw the doctor's little daughter, though the Misses Croom would say — "Ssss, bark at her, Nero."

One day to their great indignation the little girl herself was seen coming up to their door with three apples in her hands. Her father and mother had taken care never to say anything unkind about their neighbours in their daughter's hearing, though now and again she had heard them say they were sorry for them, they were so lonely, and had such marks of suffering on their faces. It was little Ruth's birthday, and her parents had let her pull the three apples that grew on their solitary apple tree. They had bargained for nineteen or twenty when they saw the blossom in spring, but the season had been adverse. Ruth was to do with them what she chose, and as she had been brought up in the royal way, that is, with the notion that a birthday was one for giving even more than for getting kindnesses, her parents had wondered how she would dispose of them.

It was to the Crooms she took

them, and very sweet and happy the little creature looked as she went up the little avenue to their door. "If you please," she said, "this is my birthday, and I am five, and I will be six next birthday, and I brought you three apples as a birthday gift, and will you come some day and have a swing on my swing in the tree, and see pussy?"

"We don't need any apples," was the answer, "we have more than we know what to do with"—which was true, for they couldn't eat them all themselves, and they never gave any away. It would only encourage boys to steal, they said.

They shut the door, not very graciously—and it is wonderful how

graciously and tenderly a door can be shut as well as opened—and little Ruth turned homewards, perplexed even more than disappointed. "Forward, impudent child," was what the ladies said; "just came, sent by her mother, to see what she could get; there are too many like her." Then they watched her and saw her give the apples to two little girls who were passing, whose mouths had fallen open with admiration and a little touch of envy at the sight of her. "Won't her mother be the angry woman," the old ladies said, "when she finds her coming home with nothing, and she would be looking for a shilling at the very least!"

One day the winter after, a parcel for the Crooms was left by mistake at the doctor's door. There had been a heavy fall of snow for almost four-and-twenty hours, and the doctor, as was his duty, to save his maids, put on the boots he had taken off fifteen minutes before, and carried the parcel himself, with a note attached—"Left a little ago by mistake at Dr. So-and-So's door." As he went up their avenue they saw him from their window and drew back, wondering what this new move of their disagreeable neighbour meant, and hoping he had not seen them. The doctor, having rung the bell, laid the parcel in their little porch and went down the path again.

By this time they had recovered their wits, for ill-doing people are always being taken aback, and determined to show the doctor how little they were interested either in him or in his movements. "Ay," said he to his wife afterwards, "I was never sorrier for them: their ostentatious indifference was a thing to make any one almost cry. One of them began to sing—she must have been a very beautiful singer when she was young—and another hurriedly threw out bread for the gulls. It was very touching."

Meantime, as the doctor went down the path, the ladies and their brother noticed that he halted suddenly and appeared greatly interested in something. He came back two or three yards, halted again, and then went very slowly to the gate.

"Just like his impudence," they said, and then they each began to imagine what evil design the doctor was after now.

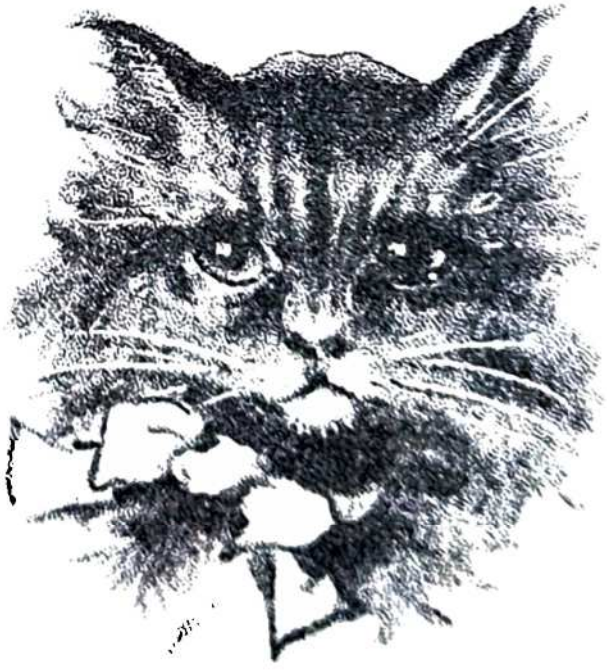
When he reached his house, before he sat down, he said to his wife, "Do you know, we have both been very thoughtless and selfish. That chestnut tree at the end of our house must shut out the whole view of the firth from the Crooms during summer. Even to day, bare as the branches are, you could hardly see from their door that barque that passed up a minute ago. I wonder the possibility of that never occurred to us before. We have been blocking up their view all these years. We must cut that tree down."

Now, the doctor, being a man of sense, knew that it is a solemn thing to cut down a tree. For a tree represents so much patience and wisdom and love on the part of God. And it means so much to

the birds that sing with delectation among the branches. "There are 896,231 birds sleeping in that tree every night," Sir Edward Burne-Jones, the great painter, said to Mr. Gladstone once with characteristic accurate inaccuracy. "How many did you say?" was Mr. Gladstone's answer. There certainly weren't quite as many as that in the chestnut, but, if we knew everything, counting birds and insects, perhaps there were even more! "And what about Ruth's swing?" said her mother. "Oh! she can make that her New Year's gift to the old ladies, and we'll rig up another for her some other place!"

Eight days after, the Crooms saw men cutting down the tree. But what evil design the doctor had in it—and they were sure he must have some one—they could not make out. So intent were they looking at the tree that they forgot to look beyond it, and it was only next morning, when they saw a pretty Norwegian schooner pass up the firth, that they discovered that the cutting down of the tree had opened up for them five miles of view! "Wouldn't that creature and his wife be mad if they knew the good turn they had done us!" But what the doctor said was this:—"These people over there seem so taken up with the view—they are all at the window from morning to night—that I blush every time I pass. We have been keeping them all these years from so much that was their own."

And, do you know, the disappearance of that tree let in even more light than the doctor knew, for it opened up heaven as well as earth and sea to the Crooms, and in less than six months a great fear began to come on them—the fear that they were altogether wrong in their way of looking at things, and that they had been judging not only their neighbours and everybody else, but even God Himself, unfairly! And one of the old ladies was caught one day dressing a doll, but she wouldn't say whom it was for, but her sister, who was dressing one, too, on the sly, suspected it was for a little girl who would be six on her next birthday! And Mr. Croom, too, had a pair of skipping-ropes with red handles and bells on them hidden carefully away in an old tool chest, and his sisters, who examined them, came severally to the conclusion that the ropes were not for either of them. And, for once, the suspicions of all three were completely justified!



Reasons for not going to Church. 7th Series:—No. 2.

The Young Woman in the foreground means to stay away from church till the weather is milder, because she has had a nasty cough since last Wednesday. No, it was not while standing in the rain for twenty-five minutes on Tuesday night, when she went to the Panorama, that she got it. It was in church on the Sabbath before. Two people were late, and each time the door opened she felt a rush of cold air on her left shoulder, and she knew she was "in for it."

1	W	Quicken us.—*Ps. 80, 18.* (First day of Spring.)
2	TH	The Lord gathereth together the outcasts.—*Ps. 147, 2.* George Macdonald says the sweetest and shortest of all songs is—COME HOME.
3	F	I will arise and go to my Father.—*Luke 15, 11-32.*
4	S	His Father ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.
5	S	Learn of Me: for I am meek.—*Matt 11, 29.*
6	M	I gave My back to the smiters,
7	TU	And My cheeks to them that plucked off the hair.—*Is. 50, 6.*
8	W	He was oppressed, yet He opened not His mouth.—*Is. 53, 7.*
9	TH	Who, when He was reviled, reviled not again.—*1 Pet. 2, 23.*
10	F	A soft answer turneth away wrath.—*Prov. 15, 1.* "One day, when his work presumably was going awry, William Morris, the Poet, said fiercely to his maid, who was neither speaking nor moving at the time, 'Mary, be quiet, don't make that insufferable noise.' 'No, sir,' she answered, 'I won't, sir.'"
11	S	He will beautify the meek.—*Ps. 149, 4.*
12	S	There was under God's feet as it were a paved work of sapphire stone, and as it were the very heaven for clearness.—*Ex. 24, 10 (R. V.)*
13	M	A man cunning to work in blue.—*2 Chron. 2, 7.* "I love blue, I think it the most pure and beautiful colour in all the world."—*Sir E. Burne-Jones.*
14	TU	Thou shalt make the robe of Aaron's ephod all of blue.—*Ex. 28, 31.*
15	W	They tied unto the plate of Aaron's crown a lace of blue.—*Ex. 39, 31.*
16	TH	The children of Israel shall put upon the fringe of the borders of their garments a ribband of blue.—*Num. 15, 38.*
17	F	Upon the golden altar they shall spread a cloth of blue.—*Num. 4, 11.*
18	S	I do set My bow in the cloud.—*Gen. 9, 13.*
19	S	Mine own vineyard have I not kept.—*Song of Sol. 1, 6.*
20	M	Let me know how frail I am.—*Ps. 39, 4 (R. V.)* "We found Dr. Svendsen dead. The great mistake had been that whereas all the other members of the Expedition had undergone strict medical examination, the doctor himself had never been examined."—*Capt. Sverdrup.*
21	TU	O Lord, try my reins and my heart.—*Ps. 26, 2.*
22	W	Which shall know every man the plague of his own heart —*1 Kings 18, 38.*
23	TH	Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye,
24	F	But considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?—*Matt. 7, 3.*
25	S	Sinners, of whom I am chief.—*1 Tim. 1, 15.*
26	S	The words of the wise are as goads, and as nails fastened.—*Eccl. 12, 11.*
27	M	A time to laugh.—*Eccl. 3, 4.* When Dr. Temple was Headmaster at Rugby, a very small boy was "sent up" to him for smoking. Dr. Temple, looking at him, said, "What! *you* smoking?" and lay back in his chair roaring with derisive laughter, which doubtless made the little fool feel smaller still, and was no little part of his punishment.—*Six Great Schoolmasters, by F. D. How.*
28	TU	And a rod for the fool's back.—*Prov. 26, 3.*

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The Morning Watch.

Vol. XVIII. *Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.* No. 3.

" When he had begun to reckon."—Matt. 18, 24.

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To him that overcometh will I give a white stone, and in the stone a new name written. —Rev. 2, 17.

THAT laddie on the front page was very proud when the teacher wrote "Correct" on his slate. And he was very proud when an old minister stopped him on the road and looked at the slate, and gave him a penny, and said, "My little man, I hope you'll have as good a mark when you go home at the last." And he was very proud, too, when his mother put the slate on the kitchen mantelpiece, and his father took it down two or three times that night and smiled.

Twenty years passed and that boy, now a man, but a man in nothing but age, was marched out into the drill-ground of a police station to be photographed. When a man has been convicted as a drunkard a certain number of times, he may be *black-listed* now, that is, his name and portrait are sent to every publican, and no man dare sell him drink, or go to buy it for him, for three years.

This boy became the first black-lister in the strange town to which he had wandered, and when he stepped out that day to be photographed, one would have thought he would have blushed. But that is one of the things a drunkard cannot do. He laughed, instead. But when the sergeant put a slate into his hands with his own name written on it, and he was told to hold it in front of him, a queer feeling came over him.

As when with downcast eyes we muse and brood,
And ebb into a former life, or seem
To lapse far back in some confused dream
To states of mystical similitude;
If one but speaks or 'hems' or stirs his chair,
Ever the wonder waxeth more and more,
So that we say, 'All this hath been before,
All this hath been, I know not when or where.'

He has been thinking, or at least trying to think ever since—for a drunkard's mind works all wrong—and things are beginning to come back to him. And who can say but he may 'overcome,' and get the new name, and the white stone, and the "Well done!" even yet?

What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32, 27.

A Good Name is better than Precious Ointment.—ECCL. 7, 1.

(Continued from page 15.)

What is thy name? Margaret.

There have been several famous Italian women named MARGHERITA, about one of whom Signor Cantu, an Italian patriot and historian who died ten years ago, wrote a historical romance while he lay a prisoner in jail. His pen was a toothpick, and his ink was soot. She was no ordinary woman surely, whose memory could inspire so great a man with so great devotion.

What is thy name? Margaret.

MARGARET GILLIES, a painter of miniatures, and friend of Sir Walter Scott and other famous men, who died only seventeen years ago, came one day, before she was twenty, to her uncle Lord Gillies, a Scotch judge, in whose house she stayed, and said, "Uncle Adam, do you mean to leave my sister Mary and me anything in your will?" "Perhaps a trifle," he answered. "Not an independence?" she asked. "Certainly not, by no means; these are strange questions, Margaret." "Necessary questions, Uncle. My father has nothing to give us; he has married a second wife. We shall then have to work for our bread sometime; we had better begin now while we are young, have health, activity, and friends to help us. I go to London next week." So she went, going to her father's, where she was not welcome; then she hired two rooms, sent for Mary, and began painting dauby portraits while learning her art more thoroughly. She afterwards became a pupil of Ary Scheffer's in Paris, and a contributor to the Exhibitions of the Royal Academy. The sisters never regretted the decisive step they had taken. Their friends were at first seriously displeased; but the success of the nieces in time appeased their uncles, Lord Gillies and a doctor brother, who both left them legacies.—*Memoirs of a Highland Lady.*

There are many other MARGARETS about whom I meant to write, but one or two MARIANS and MARIONS have been waiting a good while at the door, and the MARGARETS I pass over were such good women that they will not take it amiss that they are asked to stand aside to let others in. But just as boys, who are eating something good, like to have one triumphant morsel to finish up with, so we must close with the two greatest MARGARETS of them all.

MARGARET LINDEBURN was Martin Luther's mother. Melanchthon praises her for "her modesty, her fear of God, and her love of prayer."

MARGARET BENTLEY, born 1603, daughter of William Bentley, was married to Thomas Bonnion, 23rd May, 1627. She was his second wife, and had for her son John Bonnion, or, as we knew him, John Bunyan. "Though I have not here, as others, to boast of noble blood, or of a high-born state according to the flesh," says her son in his *Grace Abounding*, "all things considered, I magnify the Heavenly Majesty for that by this door He brought me into the world, to partake of the grace and life that is in Christ by the Gospel." She died when her boy was only fifteen.

Yet, lest the MARGARETS should get proud, let me tell them about one very bad one—DUCHESS MARGARET OF PARMA, daughter of Charles V. of Spain, and half-sister of the Philip who sent the Invincible Armada to destroy Britain. A young man, a tapestry weaver, Hans Tiskaen, had thrown on the ground the wafer which Roman Catholics worship in the Mass. For this, by Margaret's orders, his right hand was cut off, and he was then fastened to a stake in the market-place of Oudenarde and burned to death over a slow fire, calling on God to his last breath.

What is Thine Occupation?—Jonah 1, 8.

A Smith.

(A Bible Class Exercise: continued from page 18.)

Tubal-Cain, the forger of every cutting instrument of brass and iron.—Gen. 4, 22. R. V.

"By Hammer in Hand all Arts do Stand."—Motto of the Glasgow Corporation of Hammermen.

7.—*His Joys: bodily strength, good material, tractable horses, interested spectators, intelligent visitors, praise from fellow-workmen, fine workmanship, the music of the anvil, the memory of famous craftsmen and their doings, promising apprentices.*

The smiths, all of them strong. . . . Can one break iron, even iron from the north? . . . Thou shalt be in league with the stones of the field; and the beasts of the field shall be at peace with thee. . . .

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

"16 July, 1654. My cousin, son of the late Speaker, shewed me such a lock for a door that for its filing and rare contrivances was a masterpiece, yet made by a country blacksmith." —*Evelyn's Diary.*

He that smootheth with the hammer encourageth him that smiteth the anvil, saying of the soldering, It is good. . . . Two vessels of fine bright brass, precious as gold.

The little smith of Nottingham
Who doeth the work that no man can.
—*Old Proverb.*

"England hath afforded many rare workmen in this kind. One there was who made a lock and key, with a chain of ten links, which a fly could draw." — *Thomas Fuller, Worthies of England.*

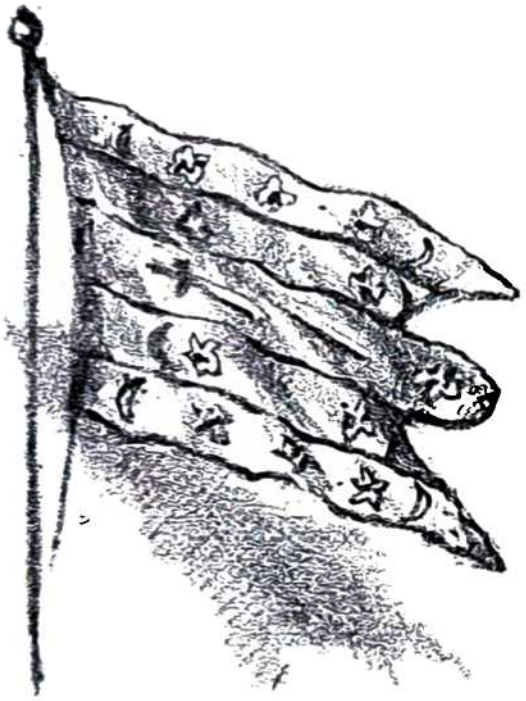
Robert Napier, the great Clyde shipbuilder, on completing his apprenticeship, 25 Aug., 1815, gave in a Bored Hammer as his Essay, to show he was a good tradesman. He lost sight of it for many years, but recovered it in his old age. "It was made in the presence of two of the Master Court of the Corporation of Hammermen, Glasgow, being forged out of a piece of a square bar of iron, and steeled on both ends or faces at only three successive heats in the fire." He showed it, in 1864, at a gathering of several thousands of his workmen.

"All the sound in the land was the melancholy sweet kink, kink, kink of Auchterlonie the smith's hammer." —*Mr. Barrie's Sentimental Tommy.*

There is a Latin inscription extant which tells how the College of Smiths at Bath, in England, founded about A.D. 120, carried to burial Julius Vitalis, aged 29, a Belgian, who had served the victorious 20th Legion as smith or armourer for nine years.

For several centuries the banner borne at the head of the Persian army was the apron of a blacksmith, named Kaweh, who had led the

people in their revolt against a cruel king. The apron was afterwards richly adorned with precious stones. The Arab soldier who captured it at the battle of Kadesiyeh sold it for £1100, its real value being £30,000. The Persian flag to this day bears in its shape some traces of its humble origin.



(If any of you boys would like to paint that flag, the proper colours for the five divisions of it, beginning at the top, are—blue, yellow, green, yellow, blue. The stars and crescents and scimitar are yellow, but the four ornaments in the two yellow sections are red.)

Some years ago the Judges of the Second Division in Scotland decided, in a Will case, that a blacksmith on the estate of Sir William Stirling-Maxwell of Keir ranked as one of his household, on the ground that he represented the marshal, or *maréchal*, who in old times had charge of his master's battle-horse and armour.

When Hubert de Burgh, who had fallen from great power, was dragged from a chapel at Brentwood where he had taken refuge, in the reign of Henry III., 1232, and a smith was ordered to shackle him, "I will die any death," replied the smith, "before I put iron on the man who freed England from the stranger and saved Dover from France."

Quintin Matsys, or Massys, an eminent Flemish painter, 1466-1530, was a blacksmith till his twentieth year, but became a painter because the father of the maiden whom he loved refused to let her marry anyone but an artist.

It was a blacksmith who put up at his own cost the small tablet which marks the burial place of the great scholar George Buchanan, 1506-1582, in Greyfriars Churchyard, Edinburgh.

A Northampton blacksmith, named Franklin, in Bloody Mary's reign, kept his Bible fastened with tape beneath the seat of a stool, and read it aloud with the stool reversed upon his knees, while a child stood at the door to give the alarm.

There was a blacksmith in Lincoln, James Yorke, about 1640, so excellent a workman, says Fuller, that if Pegasus himself, the winged horse of Greek fable, should wear shoes, he alone was fit to make them, contriving them so thin and light, as that they would be no burden to him. But he wrote a book, too, "turning his *stiddy* into a *study*."

The Demidoffs, a noble Russian family of enormous wealth, have in their coat of arms *a hammer*, in memory of their great ancestor Nikita Demidoff, a blacksmith, whose skill in the manufacture of arms laid the foundations of their fortunes 200 years ago.

A Yorkshire village blacksmith took a liking to a clever little boy, Joseph Bramah, 1748-1814, who came about his smithy. Bramah afterwards made many inventions, one of them being a lock which remained unpicked for 67 years, though £210 was offered to the man who should do it. The prize was won by a Mr. Hobbs, a Yankee, who spent 14 days devising tools, and then spent 51 hours at work on the lock.

There died, a few years ago, Dick Munn, blacksmith in Coggeshall, Essex, who with his own hand pulled down several cottages belonging to the gentry which he thought unfit for habitation. He build a bridge, too, at his own risk and cost, and with some companions removed with pickaxes and shovels part of a hill-road which he contended was too steep for horses and ought to have been levelled by the county authorities. For these doings he was repeatedly prosecuted and bound over to keep the peace.

Joiners' hammers made by a Mr. Brabender, a Rosneath blacksmith, are still greatly prized in this district. They were made of old horse-shoe nails repeatedly welded, were perfectly balanced, and had such fine claws that they say one could pull out a needle with them!

Famous blacksmiths in our own day have been Elihu Burrit, 1810-1879, "the learned blacksmith" of Connecticut, U.S.A., and Sir W. Arrol, the contractor for the great Forth Bridge.

8.—The Blacksmith of the Future.

In the last days they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks. . . . Every pot in Jerusalem shall be holy unto the Lord of Hosts.

9.—The Symbolism of his Craft.

The Lord's fire is in Zion, and His furnace in Jerusalem. . . . The furnace of affliction. . . . Cloven tongues like as of fire, on the day of Pentecost. . . . Remove Thy stroke away from me. . . . A vessel, meet for the Master's hand.

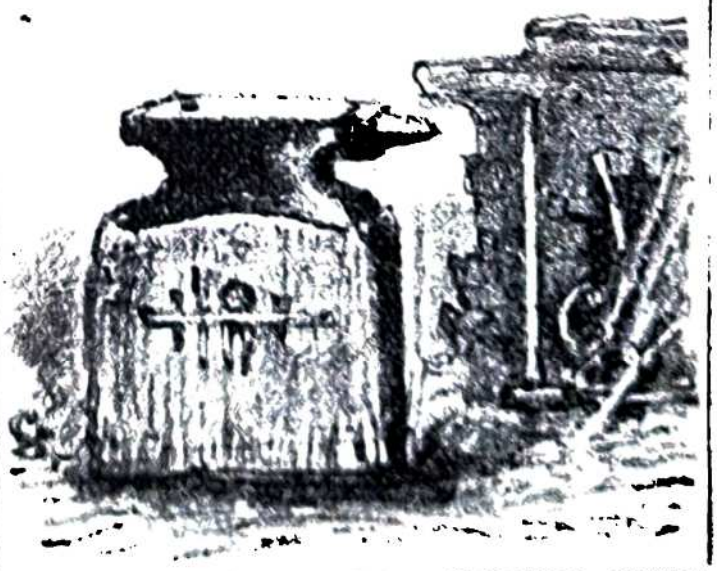
And I saw, and behold four horns. . . . And the Lord shewed me four smiths. Then said I, What come these to do? And he spake, saying, These are the horns which scattered Judah, but these are come to fray them. (That is, to make them afraid.) *Zech. 1, 19. (R.V.)*

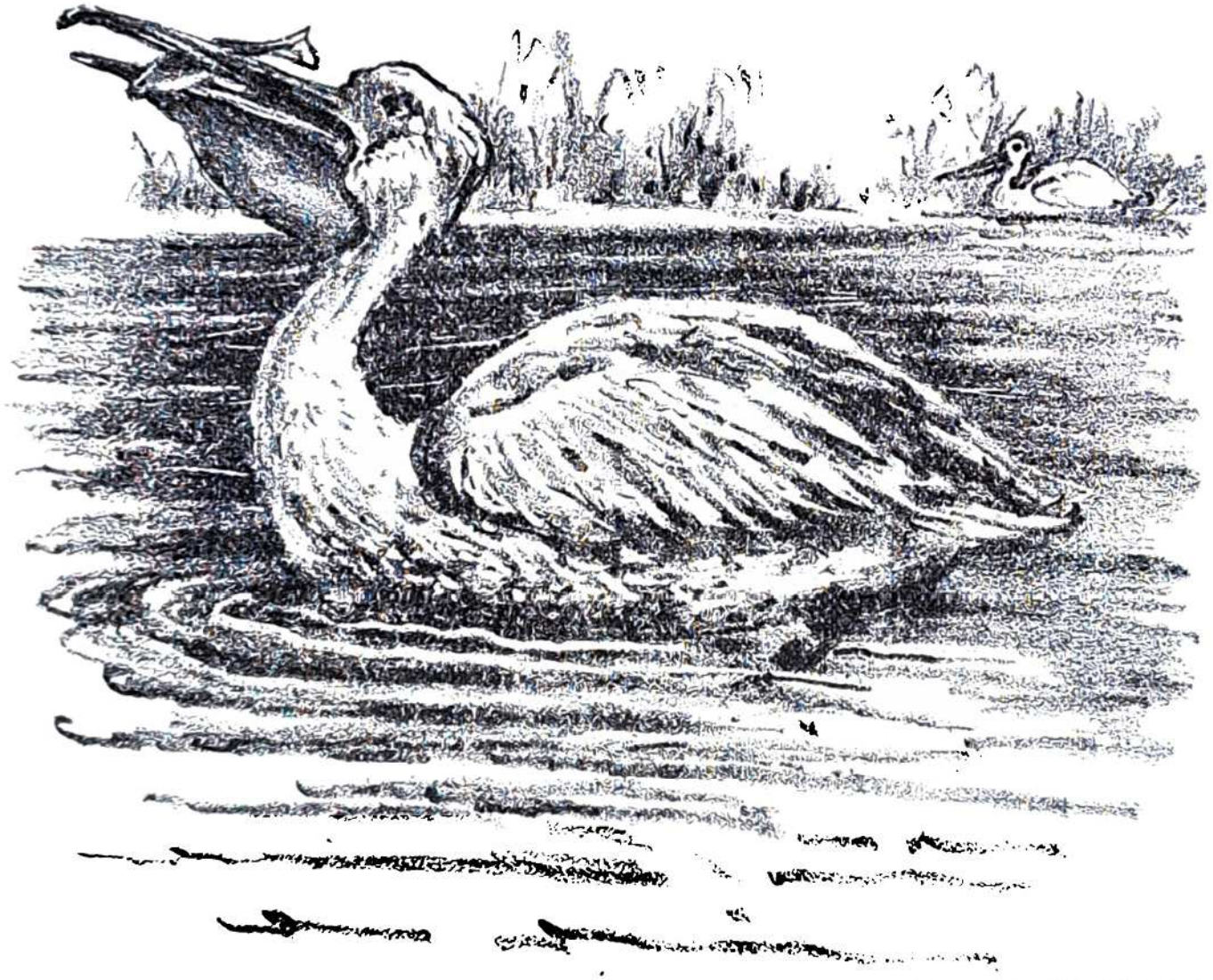
The name Maccabaeus, given to a Jewish patriot and reformer who died 161 B.C., means The Hammer, as does also the name Martel given to Charles, ruler of the Franks, whose victory over the Saracens, A.D. 732, kept Europe, under Providence, from becoming Mohammedan.

"Sire," said Andrew Rivet, 1573-1651, when the French King threatened to persecute the Protestants, "Sire, the Church of God is an anvil that has broken many a hammer."

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

Longfellow: The Village Blacksmith.





The Pelican.

I am like a pelican of the wilderness.—Ps. 102, 6.

The fining pot is for silver, and the furnace for gold, and a man is tried by his praise.—Prov. 27, 21 (R.V.)

THE Pelican stores the fish it catches in a curious pouch under its bill. When it wishes to eat one, or to give one to its brood, it presses this pouch against its breast and so forces the fish out. The hook at the end of its bill—if you wish to appear very learned, you will say, "at the end of its upper mandible"—is red, and so the fable arose that it fed its young with blood from its own breast.

As it stands motionless in the desert, it is the very picture of melancholy.

. . . . . .

There was a stuffed Pelican once

in a museum, that looked even sadder than it had done while it was yet alive. So one day, during the annual cleaning, when the birds got out of their glass cases and had the chance of speaking to one another, one of the birds said to the Pelican, "Why do you always look so dreadfully depressed? More people gaze at you than at the rest of us put together. I see lady teachers giving lectures about you every Friday, and the children all taking notes. No lady ever lectures about me, except my own wife! Please do look a little more cheery if you can."

"It is just because so many of these teachers will lecture about me," replied the Pelican, "that I am so down in the mouth. Every one of them tells that ridiculous story about my feeding my young ones with my blood, and there's not a word of truth in it. And then ninety out of every hundred girls make me the subject of their little essays, and they bring their parents and their little brothers and their uncles and their aunts to look at me, and before they begin I know what they are going to say. 'That's the bird I was telling you about, and do you know, it is so fond of its little ones that it feeds them with its own blood!'

"I hear students say that however incompetent a man is who gets a post, in a month's time he not only believes he is fit for it, but other people believe it too. They say, 'Depend upon it, he wouldn't have got it if he hadn't deserved it.' And it is *that* that is vexing me. I have heard that story, about feeding my young ones, so often that I am beginning to believe it's true! Oh dear! oh dear! It's bad enough to have one's body stuffed with tow and sawdust, but to have my brains taken out and my head stuffed with nonsense like that, and to feel that my conscience is going next—oh dear! oh dear! what am I to do?"

A Fine Young English Gentleman.

No. 3.

"If a man borrow ought, and it be hurt, he shall surely make it good."—Ex. 22, 14.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON once slipped a ha'penny into the pocket of a ragged boy whom he saw sleeping in Princes Street Gardens, Edinburgh. He wished afterwards he had seen the boy's face when he awoke. No doubt that boy looked as the boy in the illustration did, five minutes ago, when he found a penny on the pavement near a certain station in Glasgow. He could scarcely believe his eyes at first, for when one finds money one doesn't see any sign of its coming. It looks as if it had been created. There it is! and that's all that one can say. But he picked it up smartly, looked to see if anybody was searching for it, and then danced with delight, round and round, for a penny was a big thing to him. But, as he danced, he stepped with his bare feet right on to the "contents" bill that lay in front of an old woman who was

selling the *Dundee Advertiser*. She had thought of investing her money in *Scotsmans*, but some one had told her it was a bad paper, the enemy of everything that was good. "Try the *Dundee Advertiser*," he said; "it has had most interesting articles about the Church Crisis, and there is a great demand for it."

"Look what you have done," she said, and her heart sank within her, for the bill was now unreadable.

The boy stood bewildered for a moment, and then remembering that he had once heard a boy tell where people bought papers wholesale bolted off like a shot.

"Oh the young rascal!" said a gentleman who was passing by.

When he came to the place he said, "Can you give me one of the bills of the *Dundee Advertiser*?"

"Out you go this moment!" said

the man, who suffered a good deal from newsboys.

"Oh man! you might!"

"Clear out, I tell you."

Then a thing occurred to the boy, but it was pretty hard. "I'll buy it. How much is it?"

"A penny," said the man, just to get rid of him, for, of course, contents bills are always given free.

And then the little fellow, snatching a bill from the counter, laid down his penny and ran.

. . . . .

"There's a clean bill to you," he said to the old woman. "I'm very sorry I tramped on that one. I didn't see it, and I didn't mean it."

Then he set off for home, and I tell you he could almost have cried, but he didn't.

But, granted he was a young gentleman, how was he a young *English* gentleman?

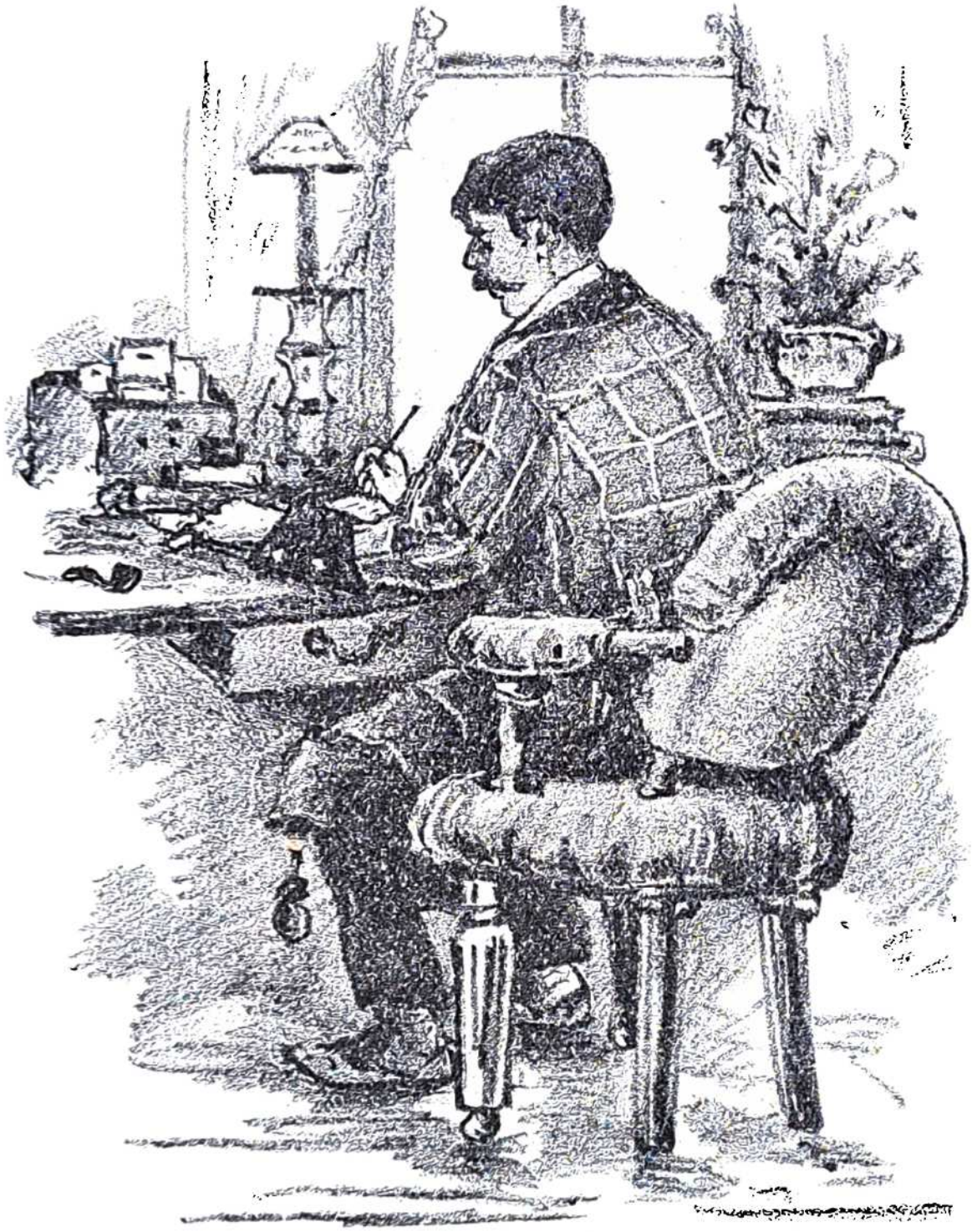
Well, I'll tell you. It is because, though he was born in Glasgow, and his mother came from Ulster, his father belonged to Nottingham. That's why!

The man behind the counter was a young gentleman too, but I haven't time to tell you about him at present.

Reasons for not going to Church. 7th Series.—No. 3.

This man, by far the richest in the Congregation, though in point of giving there are nine superior and other six equal to him, found on his return from London on Friday, whither he had gone to see the nine-foot-eight-inches-high Russian giant, that the Deacons wished him to make one of the presentations—a portrait in oil for the Church Hall, with a replica, that is, a copy of it, for his wife—which the Minister is to receive on Wednesday on the occasion of the celebration of his semi-jubilee. (That evening has been chosen to save a prayer meeting.) He has an important engagement in Ayrshire to-morrow (a foursome at golf at Prestwick), and is going to pay his second visit to the Academy Exhibition in Edinburgh on Tuesday, and is therefore staying at home from Church to-day to go over some notes for his speech, which his boy's tutor, who by the way goes to another Church, has prepared for him. The passage he is now at is this:—

"It is unnecessary for me, sir, to dilate at any length on the unvarying excellence of your pulpit ministrations. Suffice it to say, that I am not using the language either of flattery or exaggeration when I affirm that by the prospect of seeing and hearing you, from the oldest to the youngest, we are drawn irresistibly every Sabbath to the place in which we are so happily met. Under the spell of your voice the merchant forgets his counting-house, and the humble son of toil his weariness, the manufacturer hears no more the whirr of his myriad looms, the lawyer ceases to murmur at the latest judicial absurdity that has been perpetrated by the House of Lords, and the scholar, admiring your



prelections, feels that he still keeps company with his intellectual peers, while the devotee of pleasure, if such, perchance, should be amongst us, discovers, no less to his joy than to his amazement, that the happiness he has long, alas! too long, sought elsewhere in vain, is to be found here and here alone."

He is not quite sure of the bit about the lawyer; it looks too like contempt of Court; and he thinks the last sentence about the devotee of pleasure is scarcely strong enough.

1	W	There are so many kinds of voices in the world,
2	TH	And no kind is without signification.—*1 Cor. 14, 10 (R. V.)*
3	F	I have commanded the ravens.—*1 King 17, 4.* "The croaking noise of the rooks is in itself hideous Yet it uplifts us like a trumpet with its coarse kindliness and honesty."—*The Defendant, by G. K. Chesterton.*
4	S	Praise the Lord, creeping things and flying fowl.—*Ps. 148, 10.*
5	S	The God of peace Himself sanctify you wholly.—*1 Thess. 5, 23 (R. V.)*
6	M	A son of peace.—*Luke 10, 6.*
7	TU	Peaceable, gentle, easy to be intreated.—*James 3, 17.*
8	W	Isaac called the name of the well Esek, Contention.—*Gen. 26, 20-21.*
9	TH	They digged another, and they strove, and he called it Sitnah, Enmity.
10	F	The beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water :
11	S	Therefore leave off contention, before there be quarrelling.—*Prov. 17, 13 (R. V.)* When the men of Greely's Arctic Expedition were dying of hunger they had a dispute as to the difference between 'coons' and 'opossums.'
12	S	When I was a child, I felt as a child.—*1 Cor. 13, 11 (R. V.)*
13	M	Now I am become a man. "I am not 'Ted' any longer; I'm not 'E. C. B. Jones' now. I've dropped my personality. I'm a correspondent with Ruskin, and my future title is, "The man who wrote to Ruskin and got an answer by return'"—*Sir E. C. Burne-Jones, when he was 22.*
14	TU	Walk with wise men, and thou shalt be wise.—*Prov. 13, 20.*
15	W	I am a companion of all them that fear Thee.—*Ps. 119, 63.*
16	TH	Peter and John went to their own company.—*Acts 4, 23.*
17	F	Did I not see thee in the garden with Him?—*John 18, 26.*
18	S	I will write upon him Mine own new Name.—*Rev. 3, 12 (R. V.)*
19	S	Not that I am already made perfect, but I press on.—*Phil. 3, 12 (R. V.)*
20	M	I count not myself yet to have apprehended.
21	TU	Stretching forward to the things which are before.
22	W	Thou mayest add thereto.—*1 Chron. 22, 14.* "There was hardly a thing in connexion with our sledge expeditions that I did not find could be made just a little better than it was before. Yet, when we left Norway our equipment was held to be as good as that of any previous expedition."—*Capt. Sverdrup.*
23	TH	A wise man will be yet wiser.—*Prov. 9, 9.*
24	F	Grow in the grace and knowledge of our Lord.—*2 Pet. 3, 18.*
25	S	The measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.—*Eph. 4, 13.*
26	S	The Assembly of the holy ones.—*Ps. 89, 5.*
27	M	Gather not my soul with sinners.—*Ps. 26, 9.*
28	TU	Walk with wise men, and thou shalt be wise :
29	W	But the companion of fools shall smart for it,—*Prov. 13, 20 (R. V.)* "Lady
30	TH	Derby told me that Sir Robert Peel made a point of learning a verse of
31	F	poetry every night to take away the taste of the House of Commons."—*Grant Duff's Diary, 1894.*
		Thy commandments make me wiser than mine enemies.—*Ps. 119, 98 (R. V.)*
		Thy statutes have been my songs.—*v. 54.*

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The Morning Watch.

VOL. XVIII. *Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.* NO. 4.

"Oh look! look at all those hens sleeping! Are they playing at being in church?"

"THE MORNING WATCH" for 1904, Vol. XVII., is now ready. Price, One Shilling.

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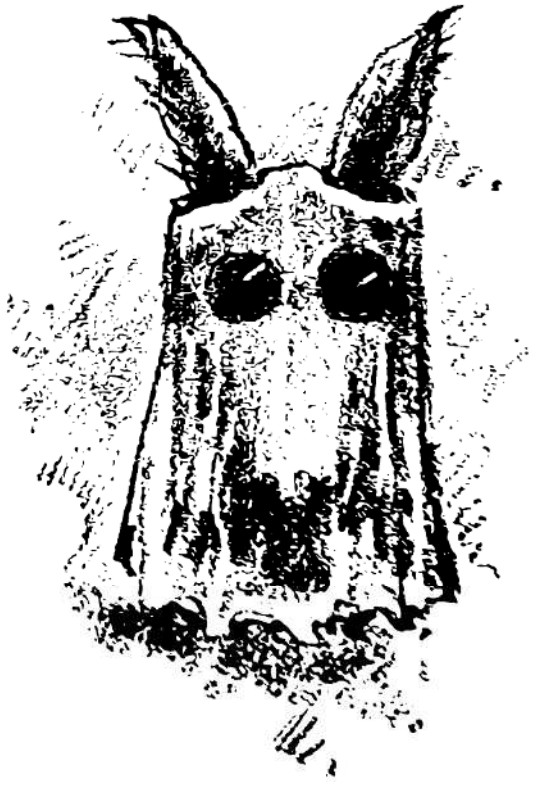
The LORD of hosts is His name.—Is. 47, 4. The Lord of sabaoth. — James 5, 4. Rom. 9, 29.

SCHOLARS tell us that this wonderful name of God occurs about 300 times in the Bible, chiefly in the prophetical books, and most of all in Isaiah, Jeremiah, Zechariah, and Malachi. It is a little strange, is it not? yet after all only what one might have looked for, that the first to use it was a woman, Hannah, who had been taunted with her loneliness.

Is there any number of His armies? His hosts are past reckoning. Thousand thousands minister unto Him. And that is just what men forget when they go forth to war. It is not only the stars in their courses that can be set to fight against us, but everything else that God has made. In the Boer war we blamed the mules that bolted with the ammunition for one of the most shameful of our defeats. And in these last awful days in Manchuria the Russians lay the blame of their disasters now on the unexpected freezing of a river, and now on a dust storm that favoured the Japanese. Lord Wolseley once said that an attack of indigestion, or a clod in a general's eye, may settle the issue of a campaign. Even so God can make "the rain of a land powder and dust; from heaven shall it come down upon thee, until thou be destroyed."

I remember being so overtaken many years ago in the north of China. We had spent the Sabbath day at Tientsin, and had worshipped to our great delight with a crowd of Jack-Tars in the Presbyterian Mission Church. It was a Mr. Jonathan Lees who preached; his text, Romans 9, 25-26. On the Tuesday we set out for Peking. Three hours after, we reached the little town of Yang-ts'ung, twenty miles off, lunched—I remember the turpentiny flavour of the native pears!—and then set off, hoping to ride other 20 or 25 miles before night. There was no railway to Peking then. Meantime the wind had risen into a gale. It was the month of April.



There were no roads, no fences, only cart-tracks here and there, and presently the air was filled with sand and dust blown off the parched land, as if a hundred motor-cars—only there were no such things then---were flying to and fro. We held on for a mile or two, though the wind was like to lift us out of our saddles, and the dust was so thick we could not see one another. We began to hesitate about going on, when suddenly the pith helmet of one of our party flew off, and the rest of us, only too glad to discontinue the journey, turned tail and went after it, and so we returned to the town. But as we were entering it we were not a little humbled at meeting a Chinaman and his ass venturing out in face of the storm that had been too much for two Irishmen, one Englishman, and two Scotchmen, all of whom, excepting one of these last, were expert horsemen. But as we passed him we saw the secret of his bravery. He wore a cotton veil with glass eye pieces in it, and his ass wore one too!

What is Thy Name?—Gen. 32, 27.

A Good Name is better than Precious Ointment.—Eccl. 7, 1.

(Continued from page 27.)

What is thy name?

Marian.

MARIAN is a short form for Mary Ann; as in the case of MARY ANN EVANS, afterwards Mrs. Cross, better known as 'George Eliot,' 1819-1880. She always signed her name MARIAN. MARION and MARJORY are forms of Mary and Margaret.

LADY MARIANNE ALFORD, usually called LADY MARIAN, 1818-1888, daughter of the Marquess of Northampton, mother of the present Earl Brownlow, was known as one of the most charming of London hostesses. A few specimens of her wit are to be found in Diaries of the Victorian era. Once, when a child, being reproved for extravagance, and being told it would never do "to burn the candle at both ends," she smiled and said, "I should have thought that was the very best way to make both ends meet." Of a certain statesman she once said, "He puts his foot in it so often that he must be a centipede." A short time after, at a dinner party, she happened to say she had a horror of killing anything, "even a wasp." Lord Lyons, who was sitting opposite her, said, "And what about a centipede?" When Dr. Busch published his book in praise of Bismarck, her remark, referring to the old proverb about wine, was, "A good man needs no *bush*." Once, as she was leaving Gibraltar, three shells, fired by a battery that was at practice, fell quite close to her yacht. "Are you not very much frightened?" said a French gentleman on board. "Not in the least!" was her answer. "How could I be? Our men are such perfect marksmen!"

The most interesting thing at Castle Ashby, near Northampton, Lady Marian's father's family seat, is the Clephane "Hand," which

What is thy ame?

arian.

was made for an ancestor of his by order of one of the Scotch Kings, to replace the one he lost in defending his sovereign's person in battle. It was all the king could do. But the man who loses anything in fighting for God gets it back, even in this life, an hundred-fold.

MARIAN ERLE is one of the chief characters in Mrs. Browning's *Aurora Leigh*, a book which the wise ones amongst you will read some day. Here is one scene from her life. Her fellow-seamstress Lucy Gresham had fallen ill and lay dying, and Marian gave up her place "to nurse her back to life or down to death."

> "She could not leave a solitary soul
> To founder in the dark, while she sate still
> And lavished stitches on a lady's hem
> As if no other work were paramount.
> 'Why, God,' thought Marian, 'has a missing hand
> This moment; Lucy wants a drink perhaps.
> Let others miss me! never miss me, God!'"

The Rev. John Livingstone, 1603-1672, one of the greatest of Covenanting preachers, the man who, while still a probationer, preached the sermon on Ezek. 36, 25, that brought about the revival at the Kirk of Shotts, 21 June, 1630, tells us that his wife's mother, MARION HAMILTON, was "an rare godly woman." who had three godly sisters, one of them Beatrix married to Robert Blair. It was Mr. Blair who, when dying, said to Mr. Livingstone, "I have taken all my good deeds and all my bad deeds, and have cast them together in a heap before the Lord, and have fled from both to Jesus Christ, and in Him I have sweet peace." It was Mr. Livingstone himself who said, "If ever my heart was lifted up, it was in preaching of Jesus Christ." Mrs. Hamilton had a brother, John Fleming, who had eight godly daughters.

I was but a little displeased, and they helped forward the affliction.—Zech. 1, 15.

IF your Mother were giving you a thrashing—I am taking it for granted that you have a wise mother that loves you—and your brother were to stand by laughing, and saying, "Lick him soundly, he hasn't had enough yet, may I help you?" that would be *helping forward* your affliction, that is, trying to make things worse for you. What would you think of your brother in such a case? What would your Mother think?

There was a boy at school in my young days whom we all disliked. We couldn't bear the colour of his hair, for one thing; it was a sickly yellow such as I never saw before or since. He was not to blame for that, of course, but boys can be very cruel. Worse still was his velvet jacket; we hated the 'feel' of it on our finger-tips. That also was not his fault, but his mother's. He was one of those boys, I fancy, who in their childhood have ringlets, and are made to wear gloves, and are not allowed to play, who are odious to themselves and all other children, and very often live to break the hearts of the fond mothers whose

pets they were. Our master, a Mr. J——, was a first-rate teacher, and one who could be sharp when need was. One morning to our horror, as we were settling in our seats, the boy I have spoken of—it wouldn't be fair to give his name, he may have turned out a fine fellow after all—marched up to the master and presented him with a—cane! a beauty cane! I can't remember ever seeing its equal for cleanness and thinness and suppleness. It had a twisted handle, and the air sighed when it moved. It would have won the gold medal, I am sure, at any exhibition of teachers' helps in those unenlightened days. But the needlessness of the gift struck us more than its beauty. We thought there were canes enough and to spare on our master's desk.

How M. got that cane into school I can't make out. He must have timed his arrival very cleverly. But up to the master he went and made a little speech. The master looked at him, taken aback, as well he might be, just as a householder would be who should see a mouse bringing him a patent trap for a New Year Gift. And then came over his face—I see it still—a look of disgust that boded no good!

Within forty minutes, as soon after the Bible lesson as was decent, M., who doubtless thought he had made his peace and could walk at liberty for that day, was found in fault, and 'handselled' his own cane, handselled it nobly, even as Deacon Brodie was the first to step off his own improved gallows.

If we ought to leave a mother or a teacher alone when they chastise a child, much more ought we to let God do His Own work when He deals strangely with those whom He loves.

1. The great United Free Church of Scotland has been smitten this past year as few societies on earth have ever been. Blow after blow has fallen on her; the messengers of evil have trodden on each other's heels; hope after hope, helper after helper, has failed her. The members of that church have not even been allowed to prove the purpose with which they gave their own gifts. Surely the bitterest enemy that Church has may grant that it has been in some respects at least cruelly dealt with.

2. These calamities do not necessarily prove that that Church was in the wrong. No man in history was stripped so bare as Job, yet God Himself said there was "none like him in the earth." Every branch that beareth fruit, He purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.

3. But, let it be granted that the United Free Church made mistakes, many mistakes, many big mistakes, the greatness of her trouble may well appal us. In one hour she was brought low. The earth should be still, when God rises to judgment.

4. But that Church, whatever her mistakes, has amongst her members as good, as holy, as faithful men and women as are in Christendom. And if God deal so with *them*, what will He not do to *us?* Be not highminded, but fear. For if God spared not the

natural branches, take heed lest He also spare not thee.

We should ask God to make that Church see why He has so dealt with her. And for ourselves—may He keep us from rejoicing in her affliction, and if we have no power to lessen it, may we at least not add one feather's weight to it.

'Tis a cruelty
To load a falling man.

If we cannot pour oil and wine into her wounds, let us not give her vinegar to drink in the day of her forsaking. Above all, in these dreadful days, let us not vex God either by that or any other kind of sin, for surely He has enough to bear already.

I know all the fowls of the mountains.
Psalm 50, 11.

SCENE I.

A tree top in a Rookery in a whole gale of wind; fierce gusts at intervals; two old Crows, and two young ones from an adjoining nest; Gardener's house hard by; Nobleman's mansion in the distance. Time, 10.45 p.m.

First Old Crow. "Glad to see you, but why aren't you sleeping at this time of night? Nothing wrong with your nest?"

First Young Crow. "Oh, no! I heard you talking, and I thought I would like to thank you for looking at our nest two days ago and telling us how to brace it up to meet the big storm that was coming. This is the best blow I have ever seen. But it won't last long."

First Old Crow. "No, it will be all over in two hours."

Second Young Crow. "And I am so glad Jim wakened me, though I was in the middle of such a beautiful dream. I thought I had found such a lovely piece of suet, and I was just digging my bill into it when Jim dug his bill into me! But I'm glad all the same. How this will sweeten the air and clean the branches of dead wood! And what a springiness there is in the tree! When the branches toss themselves that way, one feels a thrill running away down, down, ever so far below the ground into the roots, and coming back again. I wouldn't have missed this for anything. Wasn't it good of Jim to waken me? The next piece of suet I dream about he shall have the half of it!"

First Young Crow. "No, my dear, keep it all to yourself, but if there's any piece that you *don't* dream about, even though it's only half the size, I'll take some of it with pleasure!"

Second Young Crow. "One can see right into that big house from here when it is all lit up. I suppose there is no harm in looking in? I wonder what they are saying."

First Old Crow. "I often wonder at that too. For it seems to me, when I listen to men and women speaking, that they use far more words than we crows do. There isn't the sameness in the sound of their talk that there is in ours. And they are so strong and wise and brave. I wish we could know their thoughts."

SCENE II.

The neighbouring mansion; several guests: some sitting, others standing and moving about.

Host. And I thought the weather

was settled. The glass fell very suddenly, and I wondered, but I felt sure we should have a fine night."

Hostess. "Oh, isn't it awful! There's another gust coming in the distance."

First Guest. "It's just like an express train coming."

Host, Hostess, Guests. "Oh dear! oh dear! isn't it awful! oh dear! What's that?"

Host. "That's some more of the chimneys down!"

Hostess. "Oh how the house is shaking! I'm sure it's coming down. We are all going to be killed!"

Host. "Nonsense, my dear. Besides, the house is insured."

Second Guest. "But is it insured against falling? That's the question."

Third Guest. "I didn't know you could insure a house against falling. I thought it was only against fire."

Fourth Guest. "If the house falls it's sure to take on fire; the gas pipes will be twisted and broken, and the electric wires will fuse, and there will be explosions, and what not. And the insurance money will have to be paid. So that it is all right."

Fifth Guest. "With all deference, it seems to me it's all wrong."

. . . . .

(A lull in the storm.) *Host.* "I think the worst's past. The stars are out. I was at the front door, and one can hear the crows, though they are quiet to-night, considering."

Sixth Guest. "How do you parse *considering?* Is it the crows that are considering?"

Host. "I meant, considering the storm."

Sixth Guest. "Yes, but that's what I'm asking. Is it the crows that are considering the storm? Is *considering* a participle or a preposition?"

Hostess. "To consider means to think But I don't believe crows can think; at least. they can't reason the way we do. They have instinct, but that's quite different from reason. Nobody will ever make me believe they can reason. And they have very few ideas. Just listen to the noise they make. It's *caw, caw;* there's no difference between one note and another. So that I entirely disagree with you when you say they have the faculty of reasoning. Reasoning is the prerogative of *rational* creatures, and I have always said so. And the crows are *irrational,* which proves what I say."

(Storm begins again.) *Guests.* "Oh dear! oh dear! listen to that! did you ever hear anything so awful?"

Host. "We are evidently going to have a night of it, so I think you should all stay here, and I'll send out word to your men not to wait any longer."

Scene III.

Gardener and his family, who have been out fixing up things, are now at family worship. They are singing part of Ps. 148, to the tune Lennox.

Praise God from earth below,
Ye dragons and ye deeps:
Fire, hail, clouds, wind, and snow,
Whom in command He keeps.
Praise ye His Name,
Hills great and small,
Trees low and tall,
Beasts wild and tame.

Second Young Crow. "Hush, Jim, there's that nice sound that we hear every night and every morning from the little house over there. I wish I knew what it means."

Second Old Crow. "Ay, and many a time I wish that too. You never hear it in any of the other houses round about, and I sometimes wonder if there isn't a bigger difference between some men and others than there is between all men and us poor crows."

Curiosities of Language.

Old Man, talking to himself—"Ay, I have seen the day when I could run up this brae like a young hare, but I DOUBT, *I* DOUBT, *I'M GOING DOWN THE HILL NOW VERY FAST."*

Acts 5, 15.

They even carried out the sick into the streets, and laid them on beds and couches, that, as Peter came by, at the least his shadow might overshadow some one of them.—R. V.

We think of "shadowed lives"
As darkened, sad, and lone,
With heavy tasks, and waning strength,
And loving helpers gone.

How chill the shadows fall
Across life's pleasant ways,
With vain regrets and memories
Of half-forgotten days!

But not alone the past;
The future also throws
Unwelcome shadows o'er the path,
As life draws to its close.

The shadow, feared of man,
Enshrouds with awful gloom
The undiscovered land, that lies
Beyond the silent tomb.

And so in hope we wait,
Till breaks, at length, the day
When in the blaze of perfect light
The shadows flee away.

But may not shadows fall
To bless and not to blight,
To soften for our dazzled eyes
Intolerable light?

The shadow of a rock
Affords a cool retreat
To wearied Eastern travellers,
Oppressed by noon-day heat.

In shadow of His wings
As in a tent we hide,
And, sheltered there, we are secure
From aught that can betide.

The sick in beds were laid
To wait where Peter passed,
That o'er their helpless forms he might
A healing shadow cast.

His shadow had no power
For either good or ill,
'Twas by the might of Christ's great Name
It wrought Christ's loving will.

If Christ be in our heart,
And in each look and tone,
And day by day our life appear
A copy of His own,

Our shadow then may heal
Or soothe some heart in pain,
May hide a multitude of sins,
Or cool some fevered brain.

Of silver and of gold
Though we have nought to give,
More precious gifts we may bestow
If Christ-like lives we live.

J. M.

Reasons for not going to Church. 7th Series.—No. 4.

The man on the right does not go to church "because his minister, who has £200 a year, delves his own garden, and so deprives some decent poor man of a job."

The man on the left doesn't go "because his minister, who has £90, employs two useless idle bodies to do his delving for him, and it would be liker the thing if he would throw his coat off and sweat for an hour or two, and he would have some idea of the trials of a working-man."

1	S	The flower fadeth.—*Is. 40, 8.* "I heard men in London with baskets of primroses, crocuses, etc., calling as they passed—'Growing, growing, growing, All their glory going!'—some old street cry."—*Edward Fitzgerald.*
2	S	Taught of God.—*1 Thess. 4, 9.*
3	M	Thou didst reveal these things unto babes.—*Matt. 11, 25.* A Perth schoolboy, 350 years ago, when about to be punished for reading a Protestant book to his companions, asked his master, Mr. Andrew Simson, to read it first. He did so, and ever after was friendly to the Reformation.
4	Tu	Instructed unto the kingdom of heaven.—*Matt. 13, 52.*
5	W	If He call thee, say, Speak, Lord; for Thy servant heareth.—*1 Sam. 3, 9.*
6	Th	Those that seek Me early shall find Me.—*Prov. 8, 17.*
7	F	He went out early in the morning to hire labourers.—*Matt. 20, 1.*
8	S	Are there not twelve hours in the day?—*John 11, 9.*
9	S	The glory that cometh from the only God ye seek not.—*John 5, 44 (R. V.).*
10	M	Your glorying is not good.—*1 Cor. 5, 6.*
11	Tu	Whose glory is in their shame.—*Phil. 3, 19.*
12	W	Foaming out their own shame.—*Jude 13.*
13	Th	Now ye say, We see; therefore your sin remaineth.—*John 9, 41.*
14	F	Being alienated from the life of God.—*Eph. 4, 18.*
15	S	Being past feeling. "When you get below a certain level of intelligence, the distinction between what is famous and what is infamous seems to be lost: hence the offers of marriage that all reprieved murderesses get."—*Mr. Plowden: Autobiography of a London Magistrate.*
16	S	In Whom we have boldness and access.—*Eph. 3, 12.*
17	M	Bring him hither to Me.—*Matt. 17, 17.*
18	Tu	Say to them, Come. "Changing my dress every time King William called me to his room lost me a whole hour every day.—*Bismarck's Table Talk.*
19	W	Go out into the hedges, and constrain them to come in.—*Luke 14, 16 (R. V.)*
20	Th	The multitude rebuked them, that they should hold their peace;
21	F	But the blind men cried out the more.—*Matt. 20, 31.*
22	S	Knock.—*Matt. 7, 7.* The Kingdom of heaven suffereth violence.—*Matt. 11, 12.*
23	S	Thy vows are upon me, O God.—*Ps. 56, 12.*
24	M	When thou vowest a vow unto God, defer not to pay it;
25	Tu	For He hath no pleasure in fools.—*Eccl. 5, 4.*
26	W	Satan hindered us.—*1 Thess. 2, 18.*
27	Th	Write.—*Rev. 1, 11.* "Ludwig Richter the engraver is 80, and quite blind these three years past, and it is just 20 years since I made up my mind to write him a letter to say how much I cared about him. I vowed a vow that another day should not end before I sent my message—and still it is unsent."—*Sir E. C. Burne-Jones.*
28	F	About the spring of the day, Samuel called to Saul, saying, Up.—*1 Sam. 9, 26.*
29	S	The sluggard saith, a lion is in the streets.—*Prov. 26, 13.* "He considereth not the real roaring lion, the devil, that is in bed with him."—*Matthew Henry.*
30	S	Neither give place to the devil. (Give him no room).—*Eph. 4, 27.*

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The Morning Watch.

Vol. XVIII. *Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.* No. 5.

Patient in Tribulation.

"THE MORNING WATCH" for 1904, Vol. XVII., is now ready. Price, One Shilling.

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And again Noah sent forth the dove out of the ark: and the dove came in to him in the evening; and, lo, in her mouth was an olive leaf, pluckt off. Gen. 8, 10.

WHEN ships pass each other at sea, if their captains or the officers on watch have any grace, they dip their flags and salute each other, and the passengers cheer. So I remember cheering and being cheered many years ago, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, when our ship, the s.s. *Moravian*, for Liverpool, passed another Allan liner with its crowd of emigrants bound for the far north-west of Canada. It is no wonder that men should send a kindly greeting to each other at such a solemn time. They have all passed through perils known or unknown, and perils are still possible. They have a sense of the unseen, the infinite, the unspeakable. They who have been lonely for days or weeks or months enter suddenly into the joys of comradeship. They have been shut up in a little world of their own so long, and now, as it were, a new planet with inhabitants crosses their path.

During the past twelve months, through the skill of Signor Marconi and the blessing of God Who has made all these things possible, our ocean-going ships are now able to talk with one another, night and day, across almost hundreds of leagues. The captains warn each other of icebergs, and the passengers play chess with invisible opponents. There will soon be no man in all the world whom we may not call our neighbour. And yet it is at such a time that we are expecting, every moment, to hear news of what may be one of the most awful battles that have ever been fought upon the sea.

There is something very fearsome in the thought that as these mighty squadrons in the far East are drawing nigh to battle, each can intercept, yet cannot decipher, the messages that pass between the ships of the opposing fleet. Each captain, so to speak, can hear the rustle of a messenger's wings passing over his head, but that messenger, he knows, carries no olive leaf, but rather unknown words of enmity and death, which his own foreboding can but only too well interpret after all.

Yet it is also comforting to know that in the dread hour of battle and in the moments that precede it, there are other wireless messages, quick and immediate, words of warning and entreaty, of guiding and forgiving love, that come from God to every man in every ship, be he Admiral, Captain, common sailor, or cabin boy. Neither accident of fight nor confused noise of battle, neither bursting shells nor hissing shot, neither crashing masts nor splintering beams, nor roaring of the wind or wave, can turn aside or drown the Holy Spirit's call or the sailor's answering cry.

What is Thy Name?—Gen. 32, 27.

A Good Name is better than Precious Ointment.—Eccl. 7, 1.

(Continued from page 40.)

What is thy name? Marion.

Marion M'Naught, wife of Provost Fullarton of Kirkcudbright and niece of Lord Kenmure, was Samuel Rutherford's chief correspondent, and holds the foremost place in his *Letters*, "that noble book, to be written in which," says Dr. Whyte, "is almost as good as to be written in heaven." To her Rutherford once said, "You are engaged so in God's work in Kirkcudbright that if you remove out of that town all will be undone." And to her daughter, Grizel he wrote, "Your dear mother, now blessed and perfected with glory, kept life in that place." There are some people who have the gift of putting good questions and drawing out good answers, the gift of getting a man's best out of him, and she was one of them; the otherwise unknown Theophilus, to whom Luke wrote his *Gospel* and the *Acts of the Apostles*, was another.

Marion Harvie, servant in Bo'ness, was one of the famous company of Covenanters who "glorified God in the Grassmarket," Edinburgh, being hanged there in the twentieth year of her age, along with Isabel Alison of Perth, 26 January, 1681. On the scaffold the two of them sang the 23rd and 84th Psalms, and read the third chapter of Malachi. It was a sermon of Richard Cameron's that was the means of bringing Marion Harvie to Christ.

Marion Laird, daughter of a farmer at Berfern, Inverkip, died in Greenock, in 1770, at the age of 48. In her youth she was often in such darkness of mind that she was tempted to take her own life, but God helped her and at the last she was more than conqueror. "I think He is on the way," she said several times when she was dying. She sang these words, too, of the 45th Psalm "with a holy triumph"—

> They shall be brought with gladness great
> And mirth on every side,
> Into the palace of the King,
> And there they shall abide.

"I asked her," said the minister who was with her, "whether we should pray or praise. She said, 'Praise, Praise.' Her last words were, 'Come, Lord Jesus, for I am now ready.'" After her death forty-seven of her letters were published, and also her Diary, or rather, her "Account of the Lord's gracious dealings with my soul." It contains such things as this: "On Sabbath, when Mr. MacAra intimated the Sacrament, he said it was a custom in old times to release a prisoner at the feast, and he added, 'who knows but the Lord may release some notable prisoner at this feast?' This was good news to me indeed, for it was then night with my soul."

James Bruce, 1730-1794, the Abyssinian explorer, had for his mother Marion Graham, an advocate's daughter. He was killed by falling down a stair in his own house at Kinnaird, Stirlingshire, while running to give an old lady his arm.

What is thy name? Marjory.

MARJORY was the name of the wife, the mother-in-law, and the daughter of King Robert the Bruce, and if anything further were needed to make this name dear to all Scotsmen, and indeed to all men, is it not enough to say that it was a MARJORY BOWES, grand-daughter on her father's side of Sir Ralph Bowes of Streatlam, and on her mother's, of Sir Roger Aske of Aske, who was the wife, "the spous unfeanidlie belovit" as he calls her, of John Knox? When she died in 1560, John Calvin writing to her husband says—"You had a wife whose equal is rarely to be met." In another letter, written to a stranger, Calvin calls her *suavissima*, a most sweet woman.

At a District Court held in Dunrossness, Shetland, August, 1602, MARJORY SINCLAIR, the guidwife of Lie, having charged Lawrence Sinclair with stealing a goose of her's which had disappeared, the judges, "finding neither proof nor likelihood," absolved the said Lawrence and his house "for anything known as yet," and ordained that "none reprove him therefore from this forth under penalty." So, all you Marjorys, beware! lest any record leap to light and you shamed.

Thine alms are come up for a memorial before God.—Acts 10, 4.

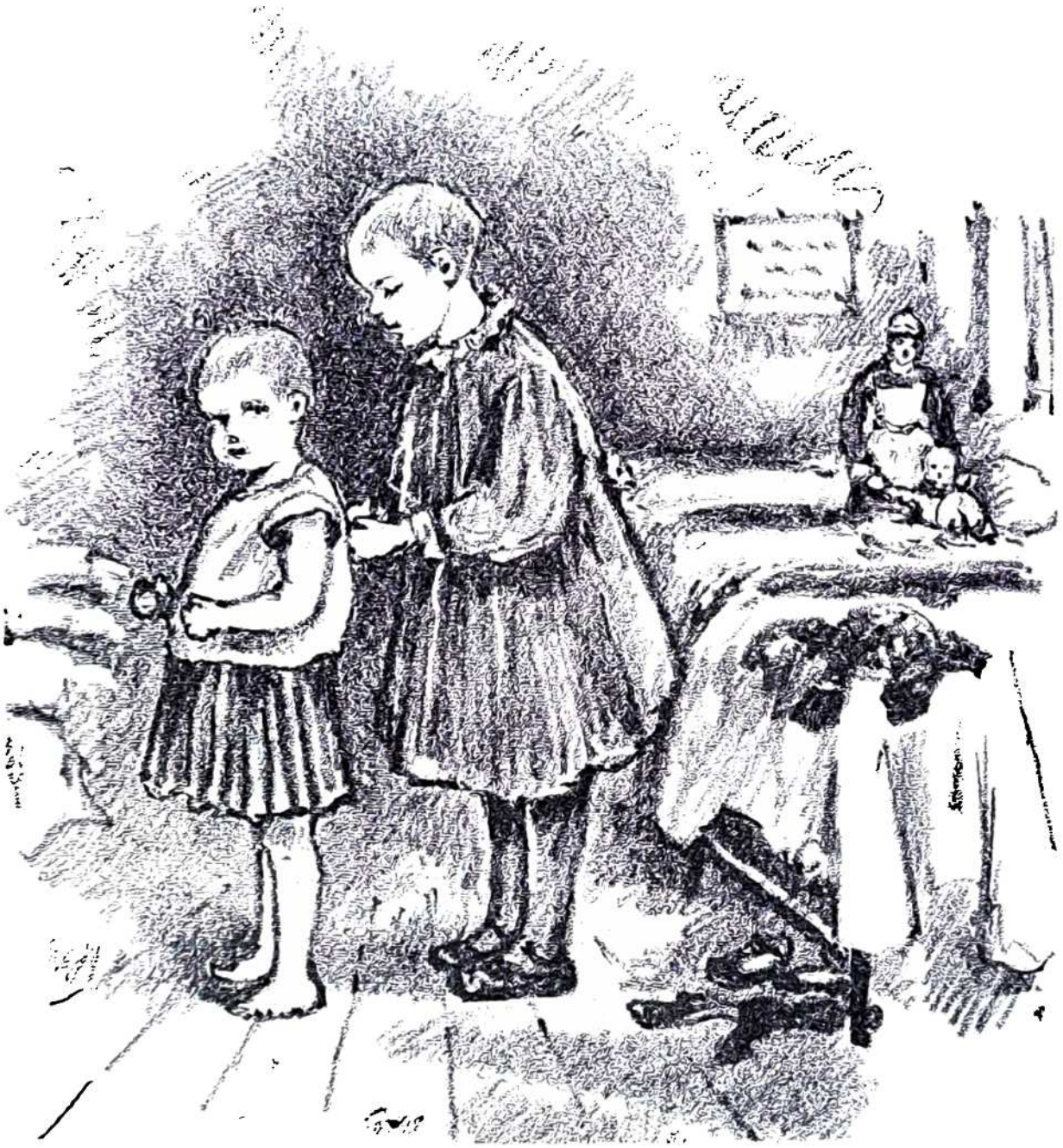
CHAPTER I.

MARY ANN HUGHES and all the little brothers and sisters that followed her were carried to church in their mother's arms and on their father's back even from their infancy. Each got a ha'penny to put into the "plate." It wasn't much, but their father's wage was only nineteen shillings a week, and he had often "broken time." Each child was held over the plate and allowed to drop the money in, and though many smiled at the performance, no one enjoyed it as much as the children themselves.

One Tuesday, when Mary Ann was five years old, she had been sent with fourpence to buy something or other, "and a ha'penny back." The ha'penny was a new one and looked so pretty that she asked her mother to lay it past for Sabbath-day. Thenceforth every copper that came into the house was examined, and the brightest always laid aside. But one day a great thought came to Mary Ann. Why should she not *scour* one for herself and one for each of the others every week, and so give God of the very best? The elders and the deacons at the plate began soon to notice things—the plate is a rare post for a good wise man!—and the banker with whom the collection was lodged every Monday put questions, and after a time recommended Mary Ann's father for a place at three-and-twenty shillings a week. And people in the church generally, especially old bachelors and thriftless women whose husbands earned big wages, talked often of the way that family seemed to prosper. And then poor Mary Ann took scarlet fever.

CHAPTER 2.

I needn't deny that it was a sad forenoon when she was taken away to the Infirmary. Her mother told her to be good, and say her prayers



every morning and every night, and obey the nurses and doctors, and help them all she could. Mary Ann herself wondered if she would ever come back; it was so sad to die so young.

But her case was a very mild one, and in a few days she was up and going about. She had won the love of the nurses from the first hour, and their affection for her grew daily. She was a rare little worker, helping to dress and undress the other children that were able to be out of bed, laying the table at meal-times, washing dishes, sweeping the floor. Then she taught some of the little ones how to pray, and some of the bigger ones how to ask a blessing at their meals, and all of them to brush their teeth and make them white! She was school mistress, too, and made them say their lessons and do sums in arith-

metic, and after a brief lesson there was a romp or a game.

On Sabbaths when she heard the church bells ring—always a specially solemn thing to an invalid that has loved the place where God's honour dwelleth—she was at first inclined to cry. But she started a little church of her own, getting one of the boys from the boys' ward to be beadle, and another to be minister, and a third to be precentor. It was the beadle, however, that magnified his office most. The minister did little more than walk in and out at his bidding. But Mary Ann knew the best stories to read, and could tell them even better than she read them.

One day a visitor gave the children a penny each, and on a sudden Mary Ann remembered her scouring days, and taking some ashes made her penny shine right royally. Then the others must clean theirs, and next they found one or two door handles and bits of brass that would take on polish. That was a new task and a new joy for them, till the day Mary Ann, amid the tears of her little comrades, was permitted to go home. But the others remembered the stories and the scouring, and when they went home in turn a good many mothers hardly knew their own children, so polite, and so cleanly, and so wise, and so obliging had they become. They brought their Infirmary methods and manners with them, so much so that many husbands were inclined to find fault with their wives for extravagance, buying new furniture and all kinds of ornaments. But it was only the old furniture and the old ornaments cleaned and polished and brightened up, lovingly treated by the new spirit their wives had got from their little ones, who owed it all to Mary Ann Hughes.

CHAPTER 3.

(There's none of this chapter written yet, but it will be written, by the blessing of God, in the happy faces and the happy homes of many of these little girls when they become wives and mothers in the years to come.)

A Fine Young English Gentleman.

No. 4.

The Doctor who carried coals by mistake.

CHAPTER I.

DR. ELMSDALE'S parents and manners were English, but he had been born and brought up in Scotland, and that was how he, an Englishman, came to be doctor in a Scotch town. He was paying his forenoon round of visits, and had come to No. 113 Drumstone Street. It was a "close" in a large new building, named in gold letters on a blue ground "Mikado Gardens." The tenants on their travels, when asked where they lived, would say as humbly as they could, "Mikado Gardens, No. 5," but if anyone in the train said, "I thought I knew your town well, but I never heard of—what-d'ye call it? before; whereabouts is it?" they would blush and begin with shame to take a lower room and say, "Oh, well, it's off Drumstone Street."

At the end of the close, and at the top of a short dark stair that led to cellars below, the doctor noticed two big iron pails of coals, and caught a glimpse of a woman's back as she turned to go down. Taking her for the next door neighbour of his patient, he lifted the pails and carried them up three long stairs and laid them down at her door. Then he interviewed his sick friend, but first asked water to wash his hands, and then, having noticed from the demeanour of Terah the cat and secondly from his own observation that the sick man was much better, cheered him not a little by telling him, as he dried his hands, the old story of the way in which King Solomon distinguished which were the boys and which were the girls amongst the hundred children whom the Queen of Sheba had caused to be dressed alike to prove him. "Some had girdles of gold, and some of green, and some of rich russet brown, but all wore long robes of fine-twined linen. Then the king bade bring in a hundred golden bowls and a hundred silver ewers, and every child was told to wash his hands. And those that were boys washed to their wrists, but the girls to their elbows, insomuch that the Queen of Sheba marvelled."

CHAPTER 2.

When the doctor came down stairs twenty minutes after—that was a long visit, but he had some new directions to give that day—he found the neighbours all in an uproar at the foot of the landing and a policeman with them. The woman who owned the coals lived on the street flat, and when she returned from fixing up her cellar and found the pails gone—and she "had bought them only ten days ago"—she raised a hue and cry. A policeman, fresh from the country and full of zeal, was happily quickly found, and made two captures instantly. One was a butcher's boy, and the other an old man selling laces. Both stoutly proclaimed their innocence, and after being searched and duly interrogated were given, as the constable said, "the benefit of the doubt," and

admonished to mind their own business for the future.

Meantime, the neighbour at whose door the pails had been laid, returning from some errands and carrying her purchases, heard as she passed through the throng what had happened. She was a new-comer to the tenement, and as she and her husband and their children were always particularly neat and tidy, and had family worship night and morning, for their singing was heard, and indeed it was the only noise they ever made, and as, further, they were all observed to go to church twice every Sabbath and to the prayer-meeting on the Wednesday, wet or dry, they were known as "the Yorkshire hypocrites."

Mrs. Baddsley, having briefly expressed her sympathy and her hope that the thief or thieves might soon be found, climbed the stair, but presently returned, blushing, with two pails which she said were lying at her door, "but who put them there she did not know."

"There's one thing certain," said one of the neighbours, "they didn't go there themselves." The constable, congratulating himself on his cleverness, and seeing himself well on his way already to win a sergeant's stripes, after bidding the other women wait till he returned and took their evidence, ordered Mrs. Baddsley to go upstairs and show him where the pails were found. Then, duly admonishing her to be careful, "Whatever you say will be brought up in Court against you," he took out his book, and, wetting his pencil, began to write down a narrative of all she had done that day. But oh how he wished he had practised writing a little more!

The women in the close were in high wrath and still higher glee.

"The hypocrites have been found out pretty soon."

"Ay, there will be peace in the land for a week or two; them and their singing!"

"It will be the tune *Duke Street* to-night."

"She will be taking her Bible with her, but they tell me they have Bibles in the cells in prison, and libraries, and they can get out *Robinson Crusoe* and all Scott's novels."

"She's too good to read novels, but she will get to the prison chapel on Sabbath morning, and that will please her."

"She was mistaken if she thought she could play her Yorkshire tricks on *us*. We were too many for her."

"But the English are *all* as bad. A cousin of mine had an English lodger, and he decamped with the very sheets off the bed."

"And a friend of mine had two Germans that came to learn engineering, and they stole her man's gold spectacles."

"And you remember the French teacher of dancing and deportment that went off with the portmanteau?"

Then, finally, up spoke a woman who till then had said nothing. "We are doing not badly; we have condemned all the English and all the Germans and all the French, and we know what the Russians and the Turks are. There can't be many left but ourselves now; Europe is evidently in a bad way; and all out of nothing. I shouldn't wonder if the whole thing is a simple mistake that could be cleared up in a minute if we only knew how."

CHAPTER 3.

Just as she said so, down came the doctor. "Why," said he, when they told him what had happened, "it was I that took away the coals. I thought they belonged to the woman that lived in the top flat, and that she would hear me lifting them, and I carried them to save her the trouble. It was exercise for me, as good as dumb-bells." And then he laughed heartily, but when he heard that the policeman was in the woman's house, he was alarmed and ran up at once. As he entered the house he found Mrs. Baddsley crying, and the policeman saying, "It is a very suspicious thing that your coal-bunker is empty and the lid is up."

CHAPTER 4.

When the doctor returned, he found the women lamenting the way the close had been dirtied by so many feet, and the stairs, and each one affirming *she* wouldn't touch them, and they might lie that way for weeks for all *she* cared.

"I think," said the humorous woman who had previously pointed out the European if not world-wide aspect of the situation, "I think we must just get the doctor to do them. He's the only one with a neighbourly spirit amongst us, and he was the cause of the whole trouble!"

Fifteen minutes afterwards, when poor Mrs. Baddsley was wondering what she was to do for coals, for she was ashamed to appear on the street, a coal dealer and his man came to her door with two bags of coal, paid for, and a note from the doctor with his respectful compliments and apologies for the trouble and annoyance he had unwittingly caused her. And next morning when the neighbours rose, they found the three stairs and the "close" beautifully washed from top to bottom "It was the best-paid day's work I ever did," said the poor widow who had cleaned them, "and no money could have come handier. I only wish I knew the gentleman's name and how he came to hear of me." And then on the Sabbath the daughter of the woman whose coals had been lifted appeared with a lovely pink silk sash which struck every girl that saw it dumb for almost a whole moment.

"Ah well!" said the humorous woman on the Monday, "I don't know how many millions of English people there are and we condemned

them all for the sin of one, and now we can't deny that there is at least one of them a gentleman, and a fine one, too; and we condemned all Germans; perhaps some of them are the salt of the earth; and who can tell but there may be even one Frenchman who is neither a professor of dancing nor a stealer of carpet-bags? And if one individual may spoil the good name of a whole country or a whole continent, it's a blessing one individual may also redeem it; and let us hope Mrs. Baddsley, poor body, may do something to win a good name for the Mikado Gardens, and especially for us who live in No. 5, for I'm sure we sorely need it."

Enoch.

Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace. Psalm 37. 37.

TEN weeks ago, at the Annual business meeting of St. Peter's United Free Church, Glasgow—a congregation whose last three ministers have been "three mighty men," men good at "drawing water out of the well of Bethlehem," William Arnot, Hugh Macmillan, and James Brown—an address was presented to a Mr. William Grant, who had been an Office-bearer, first as Deacon, then as Elder, for fifty years. That was on Wednesday, February 15. The Sabbath after, Mr. Grant closed an address on Psalm 37, 37, at a meeting for the young in Partick, by telling the story of the little girl who, on her return from the Sabbath School one day, told her mother she had been hearing about a man who was the friend of God, "who went out to walk with God, and one day he took a long walk, and when he was wearied, God said, 'Enoch, come in,' and so he just went home."

These were Mr. Grant's last words. Having said them, he sat down, and he was gone.

Reasons for not going to Church.—7th Series. No. 5.

This man is not going to the Prayer-Meeting to-night, because the German men-of-war at the anchorage are to give a search-light display from 8.30 to 9.30, and it is almost two years since they were here before. These

little acts of courtesy help to bind nations together, he says, "and you'll wrap the children well up, and we'll hire an open carriage and do the thing handsome."

And last Wednesday this same man refused to go to hear a Missionary, who had been abroad for 25 years without a break, give an account of what the Gospel had done in one of the South Sea Islands during that time, because it was to be illustrated by drawings and photographs and lime-light views, "and that kind of thing is only fit for children; and besides, though nothing was said about a collection when the meeting was intimated, one may be sure there will be the usual demand for more money before it's over, and I have given one shilling and sixpence to missions this year already, and what good are all these missions doing?—that's what I would like very much to know!"

1	M	O God, Thou hast taught me from my youth.—*Ps. 71, 17-21.*
2	Tu	And hitherto have I declared Thy wondrous works.
3	W	Thou shalt increase my greatness. "Though a man's life may be extended a few years beyond the span of its official existence, its record can never be more than a dry appendix printed in a smaller type, and on the face of it neither inviting nor worthy of perusal."—*The Marquis of Dufferin.*
4	Th	Having loved His own, Jesus loved them unto the end.—*John 13, 1.*
5	F	His leaf also doth not wither.—*Ps. 1. 3.*
6	S	The righteous shall still bring forth fruit in old age.—*Ps. 92, 14.*
7	S	They shall walk with Me in white; for they are worthy.—*Rev. 3, 4.*
8	M	To him will I grant to sit with Me in My throne.—*v. 21.*
9	Tu	I will make (thine enemies) know that I have loved thee.—*v. 9.*
10	W	Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the Kingdom.—*Matt. 25, 34.*
11	Th	Joint-heirs with Christ.—*Rom. 8, 17.*
12	F	And is this the manner of man, O Lord God?—*2 Sam. 7, 19.*
13	S	Saul eyed David from that day and forward.—*1 Sam. 18, 9.* "When cheers were given to me in his presence, the Emperor William turned red."—*Bismarck's Conversations.*
14	S	All of you gird yourselves with humility.—*1 Peter 5, 5. (R.V.)*
15	M	Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head.—*Lev. 19, 32.*
16	Tu	Solomon rose up to meet his mother, and bowed himself.—*1 Kings 2, 19.*
17	W	And I said, No, my lord.—*Zech. 4, 5-13.* If Zechariah had been a Greenock lad he would most probably just have said "No."
18	Th	A nation of fierce countenance, which shall not regard the person of the old, nor shew favour to the young.—*Deut. 28, 50.*
19	F	Behold our reproach. The faces of elders were not honoured.—*Lam. 5, 12.*
20	S	They that are younger than I have me in derision.—*Job 30, 1.*
21	S	I buffet my body, and bring it into bondage.—*1 Cor. 9, 27. (R.V.)*
22	M	That there should be no schism in the body.—*1 Cor. 12, 25.*
23	Tu	The eye cannot say to the hand, I have no need of thee.—*v. 21*
24	W	God teacheth my hands.—*Ps. 18, 34.* "Every day we gave an hour to practising catching; a high catch requires a great deal of judging in the bright sunlight of Australia. . . . Slip catching gave us excellent practice, one of the team taking the bat and tipping catches in every possible direction."—*Pelham Warner, Captain of the English-Australian Cricketers.*
25	Th	Asahel was as light of foot as a wild roe.—*2 Sam. 2, 18.*
26	F	The running of the foremost is like the running of Ahimaaz.—*Ch. 18, 27.*
27		Every one could sling stones at a hair, and not miss.—*Judg. 20, 16.*
28	S	Enoch walked with God.—*Gen. 5, 24.* "Because he was His friend, and liked His company, because he was going in the same direction as God, and had no desire for anything but what lay in God's path."—*The Expositor's Bible.*
29	M	Yea, Lord; Thou knowest that I love Thee.—*John 21, 15.*
30	Tu	Wait on the Lord, and keep His way.—*Ps. 37, 34.*
31	W	I have no good beyond Thee.—*Ps. 16, 2. (R.V.)*

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The Morning Watch.

Vol. XVIII. *Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.* No. 6.

ἀιὲν ἀριστεύειν.

"Hooray! I'm First Out!"

Vols. I. to XIII. of "The Morning Watch," 1888-1900, are out of print.

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A Promissory Note.

*The Lord hath been sore displeased with your fathers. Therefore (*what a strange *therefore!) say thou unto them, Thus saith the Lord of hosts, Turn ye unto Me, saith the Lord of hosts, and I will turn unto you, saith the Lord of hosts.—Zech. 1, 3.*

THE first time you have the chance of seeing a Scotch one-pound note—say, on Saturday when your father brings home his wages and lays them on the table with a smile and your mother lifts them gleefully, and he pretends that he wants to take them from her!—try if you can find out how often *one pound*, either in figures or in words, is printed on it. On the notes issued by some of the Banks, they occur only three or four times; but on those of others you will find *one pound* hundreds of times, only printed very small, yet plain enough for your young eyes to read. On other notes you will find the name of the Bank printed the same way scores of times.

A pound note, as you know, is simply a promise made by the Bank that it will pay twenty shillings "to the Bearer on demand." These last five words occur on every one of them. "Bearer" just means the man who bears or has it in his hand. And every time the Bank's name, or the note's value, is repeated, the Bank repeats and confirms its promise.

So, in the beautiful text given above, there is what seems at first a vain repetition,

> And vows where there was never need of vows.

The words "Saith the Lord of hosts" occur three times in one verse. Is it not simply because God loves to bind Himself, and wishes us to bind Him too, and "hold Him fast"?

And don't forget that all the promises of God are paid to the *Bearer*, or as the last chapter of the Bible calls him, *Whosoever will.*

What is Thy Name?—Gen. 32, 27.

A Good Name is better than Precious Ointment.—Eccl. 7, 1.

(Continued from page 52.)

What is thy name? Marjory.

In the sixty-six volumes of the National Dictionary of Biography there are brief lives and notices of about 30,000 persons "who have achieved any reasonable measure of distinction in any walk of life." The shortest life recorded is that of MARJORIE FLEMING, daughter of James Fleming of Kirkcaldy and Elizabeth Rae his wife, who died of "water in the brain" following an attack of measles, at the age of 8 years 11 months, 19 Dec., 1811. Sir Walter Scott used to call her his "boonie wee croodlin doo," and said of her, "She's the most extraordinary creature I ever met with, and her repeating of Shake-

What is thy name? Marjory.

speare overpowers me as nothing else does." He would sway to and fro and sob as he heard her say—

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud,
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.
Here I and sorrow sit.

She used to make him say after her the rhymes—

Wonery, twoery, tickery, seven,
Alibi, crackaby, ten, and eleven;
Pin, pan, musky, dan,
Tweedle-um, twoddle-um,
Twenty-one; eerie, orie, owrie,
You are — out.

He would pretend to great difficulty, and make mistakes, and then she would chide him bitterly for his stupidness. Her diary, poems, and letters, her Bible with its faded marks—one of them at David's lament over Jonathan—are still preserved, and are described very touchingly by Dr. John Brown in his *Horæ Subsecivæ*. The first sign that her illness was taking an unfavourable turn was her awaking and crying, "My head, my head." The night before she died her father took her in his arms. "Father," she said, "I will repeat something to you; what would you like?" He said, "Just choose yourself, Maidie." She hesitated for a moment between the paraphrase, "Few are thy days, and full of woe," and these lines of Burns, but decided on the latter—

Why am I loth to leave this earthly scene?
Have I so found it full of earthly charms?
Some drops of joy, with draughts of ill between,
Some gleams of sunshine 'mid renewing storms;
Is it departing pangs my soul alarms?
Or Death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode?
For guilt, for GUILT, my terrors are in arms;
I tremble to approach an angry God,
And justly smart beneath His sin-avenging rod.

She had a sister Isabella who fined her, very properly, twopence every time she bit her nails. She had a brother William, too, whose theological acquirements, when he was 19 months old, their nurse, Jeanie Robertson, loved to exhibit to the militia officers. They gave him a cap and feathers as a reward of merit. "Wha made ye, my bonnie man?" Then, after a few more questions, she would shake her fist in his face, and say, "Of what are you made?" DIRT was his invariable answer. "Wull ye never learn to say *dust*, ye thrawn creetur?" she would say, cuffing him in reply.

And it was so, that when they that bare the ark of the Lord had gone six paces, David sacrificed oxen and fatlings.—2 Sam. 6, 13.

A GERMAN scholar tells in his *Memoirs* that an official, who had received him haughtily when he went to see Bismarck one day, was wonderfully civil to him when he was leaving. "Why, sir," said the man, "his Excellency detained you *two hours* and then accompanied you to the door of the ante-room!" That was counted a great thing for an earthly Prince to do. But here

we read about the King of Glory Himself, coming from heaven to earth to be the Guide and Companion and Saviour of rebellious men, choosing the very Lid of the Ark—*the Mercy Seat*—to be His throne, and doing this to show us that His greatest joy from all eternity is His love to men through Jesus Christ.

So holy a thing was the Ark that God had been angry, justly angry, when a man called Uzzah touched it with his hand as if it had been a common bit of furniture. That made the Israelites afraid for a time to have anything to do with it. But when, after three months, they saw that it had brought a blessing, as might only have been expected, to Obed-edom, the man who took it into his house, they determined to make one more effort to bring it up to Jerusalem.

And so the procession started amid much fear and trembling. But everything went well! For we are told in Chronicles that God not only spared the Levites who carried it, but even *helped* them, perhaps by lightening their load in some mysterious way, perhaps by making their faces shine and their hearts glad, and adding dignity and majesty and joy to their very steps.

It was no wonder they halted after they had gone six paces. These paces had meant so much already, and they meant so much more that was to come; God would go with them the whole way.

When the first chain of the Menai Suspension Bridge was successfully hoisted to its place in 1825 after six years of preparation, the spectators, the late Admiral Sir Harry Keppel tells us, cheered with great enthusiasm, while a sailor walked along it from end to end, and a cobbler sitting crosswise on it gave the finishing touches to a pair of shoes! So, too, when a ship is launched. The people stand breathlessly, listening to the sound of the workmen's hammers as the last shores are knocked away. Then comes a moment of suspense. What if the ship sticks? But presently she is seen to move, and every one says, "There she goes! There she goes!" There are other even more critical moments before she rides upon the water, but the first step has been taken, and the first means so much! Well begun is half-done.

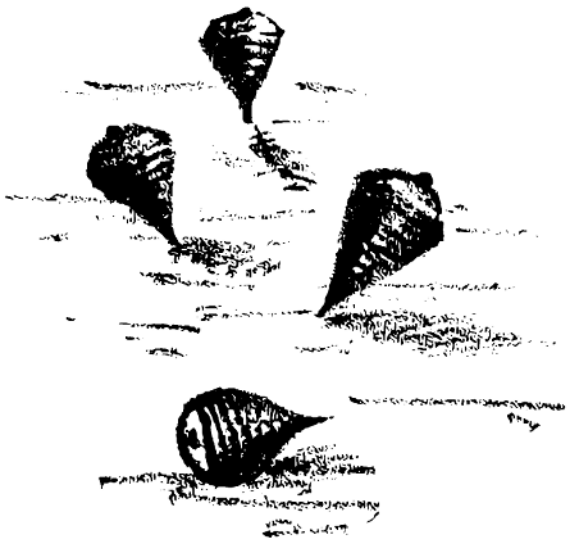
So must it be with every inventor when, after years of patient labour and repeated failure, the decisive moment comes that will answer the question—"Is it going to do now? Will it work this time?" We may be sure Marconi was a happy man two years ago when he found the signal for the letter S transmitted wirelessly across the sea. It was but one letter, but *one* meant *more*, and *more* meant *all*, in due time. "Oh, Peter, Peter," says John Spens in *The Little Minister*, when he felt a drop of rain after the long, long drought, "you should be thanking the Lord for the promise that's in that drop."

Have you ever proved your answer to a question in multiplication by dividing it? You are asked, say, to multiply 4122345 by 2132423—that's a fine easy one, but I made it

so because I had to do it myself; if I had been giving *you* a sum, there would have been lots of 9's and 7's in it!—and you get for answer 87905832919 35. You can prove whether, that is correct or not by dividing it by 4122345, and as figure after figure comes out right, first 2, then 1, then 3, 2, you feel pleased and happy. It's going to come out all right. Hurrah! A cashier, in like manner, feels a great load coming off his mind when in his final balance at the end of the year he finds first the pence, then the shillings, and lastly column after column of the pounds agreeing.

An old minister once told me he had never forgotten the joy he felt when he first succeeded in making a *peerie* spin. His people hadn't any pennies to spare, and the instalment system of paying debts had not been invented then, and the only peerie therefore he could get was one a friend had tried to make who had got access for five minutes to a turning-lathe. It was a long, narrow, top-heavy, unshapely looking thing, and when other boys made theirs

dance and hum and circle like the stars, and climb into their hands, and then pass into sleep before they finally lay down to rest, he blushed



to see his roll ignominiously, now on its side, now on its head, into the gutter. It was too big for his little hand, and he didn't fling it out with sufficient force. But he didn't know that, and only feared there was some faculty he hadn't got that all others had. But one day, with the energy of despair, he flung it out boldly with all his little might, and the peerie stood on its sharp shod for two seconds, evidently much astonished itself, and then staggered and reeled and reeled and into the gutter as usual. It was a mighty poor spin, but it had spun, and no mistake, and the boy felt himself no longer a boy with a "want," but a boy like other boys, a boy with the makings of a man.

Whenever you feel the beginnings of success in anything, be it your first run or your first wicket or your first catch at cricket, or your first goal or successful defence of goal at football, or your first two jumps at the skipping-ropes, or the first two sentences of an essay, if you are wise you will give God thanks and take them as a gracious "earnest" and promise of greater and better things to come.

αἰὲν ἀριστεύειν

"Hooray! I'm First Out."

OVER the porch of the school that Jimmy Lindsay goes to are the words *aien aristeuein*, part of the advice which Homer tells us an old Greek warrior, Hippolochos, gave his son when he sent him forth to the war against Troy, "*To be ever the best*, and to excel all other men."

Jimmy is a great favourite. He is not always dux—it's not good for a boy to be always that—but he is almost always "first out" at the play hour. On the way home he will surprise his companions sometimes by saying—"First across the street!" or "First to touch yon lamp!" or he will make a dash to kick a bit of orange peel or a banana skin off the pavement. Some of the other boys are as good as himself at that now. But at games like cricket or rounders, when other boys strive to get the first use of the bat, Jimmy waits his turn not only patiently,

but cheerfully, and has no objection to go in last. That is one of the instances, though he doesn't think of that, in which being last is really being best. And on Sabbath-day, in church, I notice the Lindsays are generally all first in, but Jimmy himself is always last out. I like Jimmy.

A Fine Young English Gentleman.

No. 5.

The man who picked up a rare book for a penny.

TWENTY years ago a Scotchman in the north of England noticed, amongst odds and ends for sale in a window, a book marked 2/6, which he knew somehow to be extremely rare. After a little haggling he got it from the woman for one-and-fivepence. "It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer: but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth." Two days afterwards he sold the book for £4 9s.

He was very proud of this feat, and told it everywhere. One day, for instance, meeting an English Presbyterian minister at an old book stall he must needs tell him, thinking that a scholar would appreciate the literary flavour of the transaction in a way his fellow-workmen had not been able to do.

"You did wrong," said the minister. "You should have paid her the 2/6, and if you are an honest man you will do it yet, and give her more, a good deal more, seeing, as you say, she was a widow gathering up for her rent."

"I don't see it," said the man; "a bargain's a bargain, and I mean to stick to mine."

"Yes; 'a bargain's a bargain' is one of the devil's proverbs. But a bargain may be something more than a bargain. A rope is a rope, but it may be the thing that saves a life, or the thing that takes away a life; it may be a life-line or a hangman's noose."

"I wasn't talking about ropes," said the man.

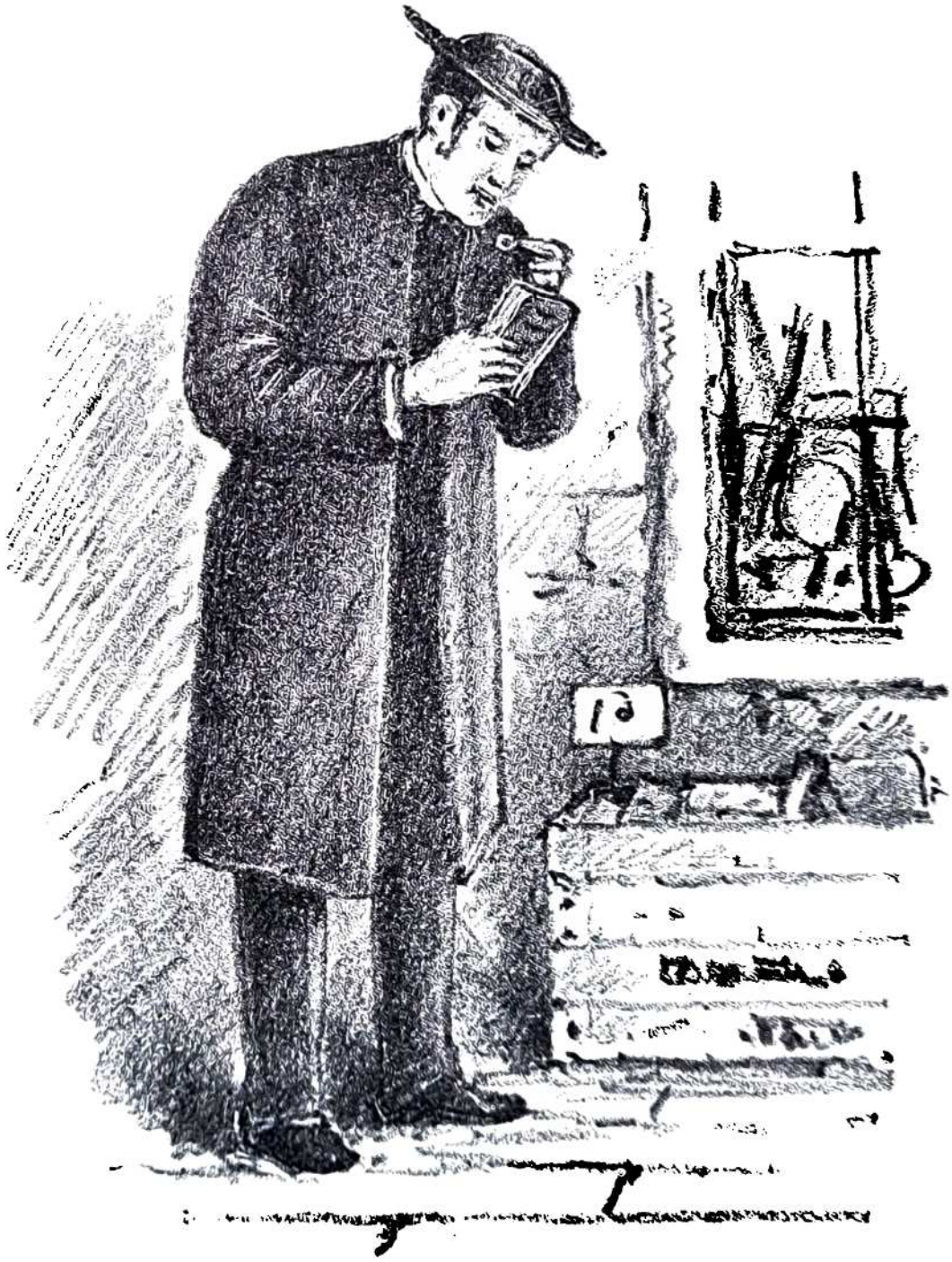
"No, but I was, and I was giving you an illustration. You are Scotch by your tongue, and you ought to know that words often *con*note more than they *de*note. A bargain, in addition to being a bargain, may be a great opportunity or a great temptation."

"And do you mean to say that if you got the chance of selling that penny book for £100, you would give the man £50?"

"I don't say," was the answer, "how much I should give, but I hope I would give him something worthy, and at any rate, if I knew this book to be worth £100; I should count it a shabby thing to insist on getting it for a ha'penny."

"You're the only minister I ever saw or heard of that wouldn't do that if he had the chance." And so saying the man went off grinning. Next day he told his fellow-workmen how beautifully he had shut up a parson.

Some of them knew the minister by the description, and they made up a little plan, or rather got it made up by an auctioneer who had



conceived a violent dislike to this prowling Scotchman whom he seemed to meet everywhere.

"There's a book mentioned in this paper," said one of the men some days later, "that my mother used to have, *Pilgrim's Progress*, and a first edition of it has fetched £80. I hope my wife hasn't thrown away our copy, and I hope you won't take a short cut to our house and get it from her for—was it one-and-fivepence you gave that stupid old body, as you called her?" The

Scotchman laughed heartily, of course; a literary reputation was worth having, and knowledge is power.

But a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, as our friend soon found to his cost.

One night, a few weeks after, there was a sale of furniture "and other effects" in a poor street, and the Scotchman was there as usual. When he went in, two men, who seemed better off than their clothes implied, were laying down a book. As he took it up, one of them said, as it were casually, to the other, "What's the use of buying an old copy like that when you can get a splendid new one with coloured illustrations for half-a-crown?"

The Scotchman had only glanced at the book, and discovered to his amazement—wasn't it most Providential?—that it was the first edition of *Pilgrim's Progress*, when the auctioneer ordered people to take their places and allow the sale to go on. One of the two men bought a frying pan and an enormous parrot's cage, which went for next to nothing—he hadn't a parrot, but it seemed a pity to see a perfect crystal palace going for eighteenpence—also a carpet, which would have been dear at its price when new. After a time came on what the auctioneer facetiously called the library. "Buchan's *Domestic Medicine* and another," with a grocer's tinted almanac, and a candlestick.

"£1 for the lot? No? I can't take less than that for a library. Ah! well, shall I say one shilling? Sixpence?"

"You might let me have a look at that medicine book," said one of the two men; "does it say anything about rheumatism?"

"Certainly," said the auctioneer; "my time being of no value is entirely at your disposal, and I am sure the ladies and gentlemen who are present will not grudge an indigent sufferer free medical advice."

"I'll give you sixpence," said the Scotchman, as calmly as he could.

"You got rheumatics too? or is it the other section of the library you have cast covetous eyes on? Let me see; ah! yes, now I understand. *Pilgrim's Progress*, a most excellent theological work, a great favourite with my own respected grandmother, a good woman if ever there was one. But it's a pity a work like that should go for sixpence, but sixpence it is, if there is no advance; sixpence, sixpence, positively the last call, going for sixpence, this valuable medical and theological library — ninepence, I am offered. One shilling. One and three—and six—two shillings—and three—and six. There must be an infallible cure for rheumatics surely in that encyclopædia!"

At this point the scores of women who were present began to be interested, and then amazed, and then perplexed, as the bidding went on and on. One pound was reached. Then a woman said there must be a bank note in the leaves, and it was a shame not to let people get the chance to see it. A twenty pound note at the very least it must be.

Then new bidders entered the field, and on the struggle went till £19 19s 6d was reached, and everybody stopped.

"Twenty pounds," said the Scotchman.

"Guineas," replied one of the two men, whom the Scotchman now began to suspect to be some great dealer in disguise. And then the fight began anew, much to the apparent astonishment of the auctioneer, who tried to fan the flame by saying that Bunyan was well worth the money; it was a book one could read on Sabbaths as well as on ordinary days, and now that he remembered, hadn't Macaulay, many a copy of whose interesting and invaluable history he had himself sold, said, in a passage he had never forgotten, that not more surely was somebody or other the first of something or other than Bunyan was the prince of allegorists?

. . . .

Thirty guineas was the last bid, and it was the Scotchman's. "You have the money, of course?" said the auctioneer.

"I have it in the bank."

"Very good; you can leave your watch with me to-night as a guarantee of good faith, and you shall have the articles when you bring the money to my office."

The Scotchman slept little that night, but looked elated though tired in the morning. He smiled, too, as one who could bide his time when one of the workmen asked him if he had been robbing any more widows' houses that he looked so happy.

"May I ask," said the auctioneer when he called, "why you gave so much money last night for that trash? It wasn't the candlestick?"

"No; it was Pilgrim's Progress; man, it's a *first edition!* It's worth thrice what I gave!'

"Let me have another look at it," said the auctioneer. "Ay, yes; no doubt; it says 'first edition;' but—look here, it's only a *facsimile*, an imitation, of the first edition, printed in London for 3/6 a year or two ago!"

And then the poor fellow broke down. "I don't want it in that case."

"Oh! but a bargain's a bargain, and you must stick to it."

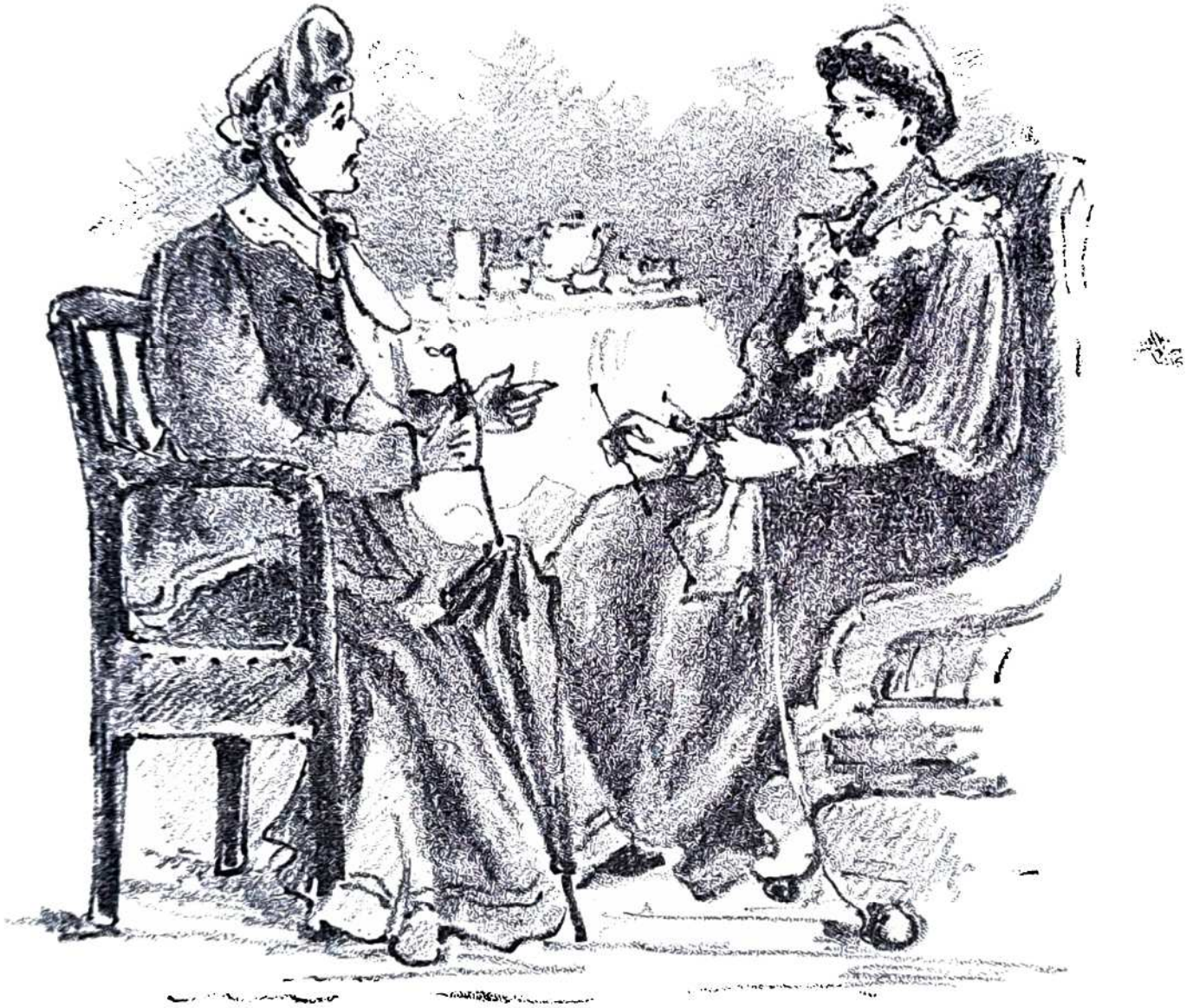
"But this bargain means ruination to me! It's almost all I have!"

. . . .

Then there was a painful scene which one must not describe lest this poor man should seem vile to us. But at last the auctioneer confessed all, and let him off on condition that he paid the woman of the house £1 for allowing the trick to be played at her sale, and £2 to the widow he had cheated; "And besides," he added, "you have to go and apologise to my minister for insulting him at a bookstall some time ago, on your own confession."

But it was what the *minister* did after he picked up a rare bargain one day, and what he made of it, that I meant to tell you, and I have left myself no room, I am sorry to say, in this number!

To be continued.



Reasons for not going to Church.—7th Series. No. 6.

This lady has been talking about two of her servants for two hours and a half, but she and her husband have left their church because their minister, "though he is no doubt a good man and very earnest," is so tedious. "Just for example," she says, "he was preaching two weeks ago, or was it three?—I am really so bad at remembering dates and so was poor Mamma—perhaps it was four, I'm not sure, but I'm pretty certain it was some time or other within the last month or two months. But do you know, his text was 'eternal glory' or something or other like that, and he preached on it for fifty minutes! . . . You don't mean to say that's five striking? I didn't think it was near four! How time does fly when one is interested!"

1	TH	Rejoice not over me, O mine enemy :
2	F	When I fall, I shall arise.—*Micah 7, 8.* "In the third Test Match in Australia Tyldesley let drive at a loose long hop from Hopkins. The ball struck Noble standing 12 yards away, just in front of square leg, on the chest. He clutched at it, smothered it, got it in his right hand, and juggled with it from hand to hand. Then the ball was seen to fall, and a sharp "Oh!" came from a hundred voices. But he made a desperate dive at it with his left hand, clutched it a few inches from the ground, and rolled over, but still holding it ! It was the most exciting and longest bit of juggling with a ball I ever saw a fieldsman do."—*Pelham Warner.*
3	S	A just man falleth seven times, and riseth up again.—*Prov. 24, 16.*
4	S	Thou shalt remember all the way thy God led thee.—*Deut. 8, 2.*
5	M	Thy beginning was small.—*Job 8, 7.* "I have been to Callerton and seen the fields in which I used to pull turnips at 2d a day, and many a cold finger I had, I can tell you."—*George Stephenson the Engineer.*
6	TU	He took David from the sheepfolds.—*Ps. 78, 70.*
7	W	I have been with thee whithersoever thou wentest.—*2 Sam. 7, 9. (R.V.)*
8	TH	Remember thou wast a bondman.—*Deut. 15, 15.*
9	F	Who hath despised the day of small things?—*Zech. 4, 10.*
10	S	His grace which was bestowed upon me was not in vain.—*1 Cor. 15, 10.*
11	S	The Lord God omnipotent reigneth.—*Rev. 19, 6.*
12	M	The blessed and only Potentate.—*1 Tim. 6, 15.*
13	TU	Woe unto him that striveth with his Maker —*Is. 45, 9.*
14	W	It is He that sitteth upon the circle of the earth,
15	TH	And the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers.
16	F	He bringeth princes to nothing.—*Is. 40, 20.* "I fancy that I am pushing, and I am only pushed."—*Prince Bismarck's Conversations.*
17	S	The determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God —*Acts 2, 23 ; 4, 27.*
18	S	The Lord will ever be mindful of His covenant.—*Ps. 111, 5.*
19	M	Your Father maketh His sun to rise.—*Matt. 5, 45.*
20	TU	The sun is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber.—*Ps. 19, 5.*
21	W	The sun hasted not to go down.—*Josh. 10, 13.*
22	TH	Nay, but let the shadow return backward.—*2 Kings 20, 10.* Can you not hear Time rushing past our ears With audible irreparable flight?—*Stephen Phillips.*
23	F	And God brought the shadow backward.—*2 Kings 20, 11.*
24	S	I will restore to you the years.—*Joel 2, 25.*
25	S	My manner of life from my youth.—*Acts 26, 4.*
26	M	We have sinned from our youth even unto this day.—*Jer. 3, 25.*
27	TU	They sang His praise. They soon forgot His works.—*Ps. 106, 12.*
28	W	Turned aside quickly.—*Ex. 32, 8.* "'How we change!' said Tommy. 'How we dinna change!' retorted Aaron. He had learnt the truer philosophy."—*Barrie's Tommy and Grizel.* But this is truer still—
29	TH	And you hath He quickened who were dead in trespasses.—*Eph. 2, 1.*
30	F	Born again.—*John 3, 3.*

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The Morning Watch.

Vol. XVIII. *Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.* No. 7.

"As is the Mother, so is her Daughter."—Ezek. 16, 44.

Customer: "*A ha'penny worth of vegetables; cabbage, and some turnips and carrots, and as many leeks as possible, and a pickle parsley; and see that they are fresher than the last we got; and just mark them down in the book; and send them AT ONCE as we are in a hurry.*"

Shopkeeper: "*Anything else, please?*"

Customer: "*Oh, yes! Put them in a strong piece of brown paper with a nice bit of string—but don't crumple it—as I have a parcel to send off in the afternoon.*" [Collapse of Shopkeeper!]

Vols. I. to XIII. of "The Morning Watch," 1888-1900, are out of print.

Vols. XIV. XV., XVI., and XVII., 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, may still be had. Price, One Shilling.

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Ye are they which have continued with Me in My temptations; and I appoint unto you a kingdom, even as My Father appointed unto Me.—Luke 22, 28 (R.V.)

CHARLES LESLIE, a well-known painter in his time, tells us in his *Autobiography* that when the ship in which he and his parents were going to America, in 1800, was attacked in the Channel by a French man-of-war, he being then five years old, his little brother and himself enjoyed the novelty of being shut down with the women and other children in the gloomy hold of the vessel and played at hide-and-seek among the water-casks, while the battle raged overhead. Now and again they heard groans, and he would say, quoting from a song he had heard his sister sing, "These are *the cries of the wounded.*" So also Lady Inglis says, in her book about Lucknow, that during the siege the children in the Residency amused themselves by throwing at each other mud balls which they called shells.

We can't think of ourselves doing that. Yet we read in a newspaper that 12,000 or 14,000 strong men, who looked three days ago on the same sun that is now shining in at our window, have been killed or drowned in a great sea fight, and we say, Isn't that awful? and then we help ourselves to another slice of bread and jam. In two minutes we are reading about a cricket match, in five we are joking or quarrelling.

Twelve thousand *or* fourteen thousand souls! and the one means as little to us as the other. Yet every single life meant all the world to some body, and all eternity to the man himself, and who knows how much it meant, and means, to God?

God does not ask us, it is true, to carry all His burden, but He wishes us at times to carry some of it, and to think at least now and again of what He has constantly to bear all alone. He asks us all to watch one hour, but He loves the man that will sit up all night with Him. For there is no sleep, and no rest, and no forgetfulness for God.

What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32, 27.

A Good Name is better than Precious Ointment.—ECCL. 7, 1.

(Continued from page 63.)

What is thy name? Martha

MARTHA is the feminine form of a Hebrew word for lord, and means "lady" or "mistress."

"Now Jesus loved MARTHA."—*John 11, 5.* That is the greatest thing that can be said about any woman in the world, and any girl can have it said about herself, if she will only ask Christ and keep asking Him.

What is thy name? Martha

When our Lord said to her, "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things," one must think of Him as saying it very gently and with a smile. Martha was one of those kind women who put themselves so much and so needlessly about to please their visitors that people are afraid to call on them. She is the type, too, of those "interrupters of conversation" who forget that there are great and solemn days in life when the chief purpose of a meal is not to give people some particular dish to eat, but the chance to speak and listen to some guest. Dr. Chalmers once spoke of the "plague of a hostess, who always insists on your eating more and telling you all the time you have eaten nothing," and quoted the story some one had told him of a lady, who, "to escape this botheration," took everything the hostess offered her, stowing it away in folds of the tablecloth, and then at last, when she was told for the tenth time that she had taken nothing, unfolded the linen and displayed a pile of eatables to show she had done something for the hospitality of the house!

Above all, Martha is the type of all wise persons who thank and love the friend that rebukes them lovingly. Many a one in her case would have pouted, and said, "Very well! That's all the thanks I get for looking after things and attending to people's comfort. I'll not forget it. And the *next* time visitors come, I'll sit and listen and fold my hands like the rest, and the fire can go out if it likes, and they'll see how they like that!"

One of "Margaret Ogilvie's" delights, her son tells us, was to learn from him scraps of the Latin poet Horace, and then bring them into her conversation with "colleged men." She practised them by herself, and then some day in conversation she would say to a visitor for instance, "Ay, ay, it's very true Doctor, but as you know, 'Eheu fugāces Postŭme, Postŭme, labuntur anni'" (ah! Postumus, the fleeting years are gliding past), "which would astound him very much if she managed to reach the end without being flung, but usually she had a fit of laughing in the middle, and so she would be found out." In like manner we are told of MARTHA BARRON, that one day, when her husband, Patrick Simson, 1556-1618, minister of Stirling and one of the Reformers, was talking in Latin to some visitors about some pictures on his wall, and he was asked why he had a torch painted on his window, she replied, *Aliam viam nescio.* His idea was that a torch, whether its head be turned down or up always burns upward, flame ascends, and so a Christian's heart, whether in prosperity or adversity, should ever be set heavenwards. Her answer meant, I imagine, it always burns that way, there's no other way for it, "I don't know another way." But at anyrate, Mr. Simson was well pleased, which is the great matter, whether he understood her or not, for a loving husband likes to see his wife giving proofs of cleverness. And so "he smiled, and was blithe she had so much Latin."

She was a daughter of the Provost of Edinburgh, and had for her son John Gillespie, minister at Kirkcaldy, "a thundering

What is thy name? Martha

preacher," the father of that George Gillespie who was the youngest and one of the greatest of the members of the Westminster Assembly of Divines, one of the makers of Scotland. Before her death Mrs. Simson passed through a time of great darkness. There was one day and night especially of which her husband wrote in his Diary, "Remember, remember, and never forget the 10th of August, 1601, and what consolation the Lord gave thee at even; and the Lord actually performed it the 11th of August in the morning. Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?"

MARTHA SKAVROUSKAYA was a peasant girl, born in the Baltic province of Livonia about the year 1680, who became first of all the wife of a Swedish soldier, and then, under the name of Catharine, the wife of Peter the Great, Emperor of Russia. She could neither read nor write, never learned even the a b c, though she did manage somehow or other to draw the letters that formed her signature. She was clever with her hands, and had the gift of restraining and calming her husband when his evil temper troubled him. She succeeded him on the throne, but, having given way to many kinds of sin, shortened her days, and died in 1727 after reigning only two years.

Hugh James Rose, 1795-1838, a notable Cambridge scholar and divine, afterwards Principal of King's College, London, had for his nurse a young girl MARTHA SUMMERS who had never before had the care of an infant. She took great delight in the child and taught him the alphabet before he could speak. In the lobby of the house there hung some maps and charts of History in which were many large letters. Martha used to show him the letters, until the baby, if you asked him where any particular letter was, would look at the chart and put his little finger on the letter required.

Boys that have Something still to Learn.

The lad that begins to put on his boots at his work five minutes before the hour.

THIS lad does it because he sees the other men in the place do it, and they do it because they have always done it, like the joiners in *Adam Bede*. The church clock began to strike six. Before the first stroke had died away, Sandy Jim had loosed his plane and was reaching his jacket; Wiry Ben had left a screw half driven in, and thrown his screw-driver into his tool basket; Mum Taft had flung down his hammer as he was in the act of lifting it; and Seth, too, had straightened his back, and was putting out his hand towards his paper cap. Adam alone had gone on with his work as if nothing had happened. But observing the cessation of the tools, he looked up, and said, in a tone of indignation, "Look there, now! I can't abide to see men throw away their tools in that way, the minute the clock begins to strike, as if they took no pleasure in their work, and were afraid o' doing a stroke too much. . . . The very grindstone 'll go on turning a bit after you loose it."

I know, of course, that there is

some work so uninteresting that one can hardly blame people for being glad to quit it, and there are some masters so hard and inconsiderate that men must be sorely tempted to do as little for them as they can. But be not overcome of evil; overcome evil with good. And remember what Micah says, "Scant measure is abomination." It is good, whether one be a master or a servant, always to give a little bit extra, a little piece more than one is bound to give, just that one may be like God and do things the way He does.

If any of you are so prospered as to become masters, I hope you will see to it that your men get not only proper wages, but a proper amount of time for their meals, especially for breakfast. For when a man comes home at nine, he has not only to take his porridge and his cup of tea or coffee after it, but he needs five or six minutes for family worship and three or four minutes

to find out where his little daughter is hiding. (If she is not behind the press-door, try under the table; she is such a cunning little pussie!)

The Black Sail.

By the late Rev. W. Smith Hunter, M.A., United Free Church, Bo'ness.

(From the "Morning Watch," January, 1890.)

IT'S an old story this. Somewhere about the time when Gideon and his three hundred were chasing the Midianites out of Canaan, Theseus was growing up to be a young man in Athens, the chief city of Greece. His father was the king, and he was the strongest and bravest youth of his time. When he walked about the city people admired him for his height and his beauty and his strong active limbs, and hoped he would live to be their king some day.

But at the time we speak of the Athenians were in great distress. A ship had come from the island of Crete, and when it sailed away it would carry in it seven of the finest boys and seven of the sweetest girls in Athens, never to see their homes again. There was terrible fear in every house that had young people in it, for no one knew who might be chosen.

This was how it happened. Long ago Athens and Crete had been at war, and the Athenians were beaten, and begged for peace. But they paid dearly for it. Nothing would please the king of Crete but that every ninth year seven boys and seven girls should be sent to him, and when he got them he shut them up in a dark cave, called the Labyrinth, where a prodigious beast called the Minotaur was kept. They soon lost themselves in the windings and turnings of the cave, and were at last devoured by the monster. It was a terrible fate. Twice now the ship had come and gone, but when it came the third time, the parents who had children complained bitterly to the king, and were angry because he kept his own child safe, and sent theirs to be destroyed. Theseus heard it, and could not bear to think of living in comfort at Athens while the other children were suffering such dreadful things in Crete. So he made up his mind to gó in the ship and try what he could do to kill the Minotaur and bring his companians safe home again. The king was much grieved, but his son would not give in; he felt sure he would succeed. Anyway, he would try. So the king, with a sore heart, had to let him go.

When the ship sailed it used to carry a black flag because the young people in it were going to certain death. But this time the king gave the pilot a beautiful white sail; and told him that, if he brought back Theseus safe, he was to hoist it as a sign that all was well.

So the ship went away with the black sail set, and many homes were desolate in Athens. But Theseus kept up his heart. When they reached Crete the boys and girls were thrown into the cave, and would have lost their way and perished like those before them, had not Ariadne, the daughter of the king of Crete,

loved Theseus and given him a clue of thread and told him how to find his way with it through the curious passages of the Labyrinth. So, with a brave heart, he made his way, and meeting the monster put forth all his strength and slew it. As a reward, he got leave to return home and take the young captives with him.

It was a glad day when they set sail, and a still happier day when they saw the high white rocks of Athens in the far distance across the sea. Indeed they were all so glad and merry that they forgot the orders of the old king about hoisting the white sail! And so they hove in sight of their homes, the rowers standing to their oars, with the black sheet flying as usual.

For many days King Aegeus had climbed the rocks and looked out anxiously over the sea. And now at last he spied a ship far away and knew it to be the one he was waiting for. But—the sail was black! His son had perished! His heart broke; he could not bear to live to hear the dreadful news, but threw himself headlong from the rocks and was dashed in pieces. So the sea is called the Egean after him to this day.

Let us be as happy as we can, for God wishes it, but don't forget the white sail. Don't let happiness make us selfish. If God has made us glad, it is that we should make others glad too. Yet many neglect this, like Theseus, just because they are so happy that they forget.

We have the best cause to be glad. God loves us, and has given us His Son to be our Friend and Helper. But there are some who do not know this. They have so many troubles that they are like to give up heart. And, do you know, they are watching you, perhaps, to see if they cannot catch some hope in your face; and if we who know the Saviour's love do not look bright and happy, they may give way in despair. Take Christ in the boat with you, and carry always a bright white sail.

Mr. Hunter, whose article I have here reprinted, died in his forty-eighth year, after a few days' illness, on Friday, 2nd June, and was buried on the Tuesday after, amid such signs of mourning as I have never seen at any funeral. He had the affection of his people all through his twenty-one years' ministry, but their love to him had gone out in a very special way during the last few months. And so had his to them. There had been a great spiritual movement in the community; many, chiefly young folks, had given themselves to Christ, not in a moment of excitement or of "imitative ardour," but humbly and sincerely. His cup, he told them only twelve days before his death, was very full. "They would be dearer friends than ever. They had had very happy days together already, but they would have happier days than ever in the years to come. For he believed, and so did they, he was persuaded, that there was no joy of life, no happiness, no bright grace,

no beauty, no dear affection, no tender attachment, no innocent pleasure, no gaiety or buoyancy of spirit, but would be infinitely enhanced, preserved, answered, and crowned by the favour of God and the friendship of Jesus."

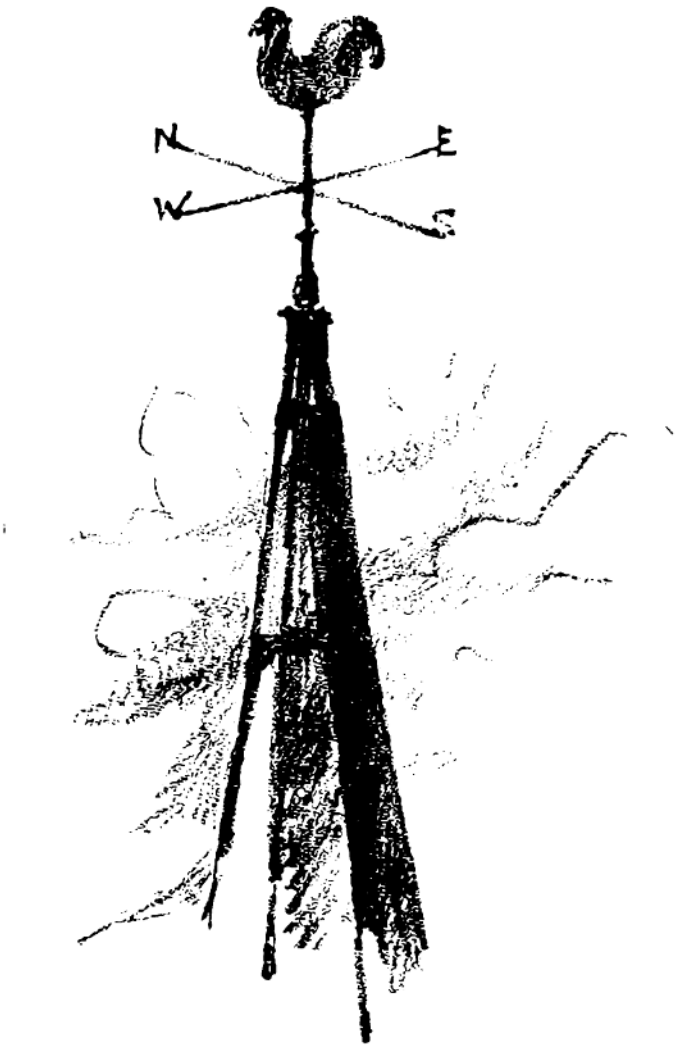
Mr. Hunter was in all respects "a very perfect gentleman;" dainty in all his ways; a delightful host; an ever-welcome guest, whose coming into a room put everybody into better humour with everybody else, for he carried always "the bright white sail." He was a musician, a sweet singer—his voice was tenor—a fine scholar, and such a reader, especially of poetry, as one rarely hears. His talk was rich, not only in knowledge, but in humour and a fine fancy. To watch him hunting for the proper adjective, rejecting one after another that looked good enough, till he found the one that seemed made for the purpose, was itself an education, and oh how merrily he would laugh when he did find it!

But when it came to solemn speech——

I remember a November night seven years ago. Mr. Grant of Greenock and I had been helping him at his Communion, and knowing how we should all be tempted to sit up late, we agreed after worship to go to our beds the moment eleven struck, no matter how interesting the conversation might be. But we got on to speak of our sins and sorrows as ministers, and Mr. Hunter opened all his heart. Eleven struck, and we never heeded it; twelve, and we didn't notice it; one—two—three—four came, and still on we talked. Then five warned, and pulling up the blinds a little after, we saw the colliers passing with their little lamps in their caps, and then at half-past five we saw a baker come along the road and stand still and stretch himself and yawn! And then we took the hint, for breakfast was to be at eight and our train at nine—and we retired, but not till we had thanked God Who had given us such a great and solemn night.

It was Mr. Hunter's notion, characteristically, to have the weather-cock on the spire of the new church, which his congregation are building, placed in position when the sun was in mid-heaven, and accordingly on the day the workmen fixed—it was only three or four weeks before his death—he went up with them and stood on the scaffolding, watch in hand, till the stroke of twelve, and then cried "Now!"

The spot on which the church stands commands a wonderful view of the river Forth and the counties of Stirling and Fife, and the hills



and mountains beyond. I like to think of him standing up there, looking north and south and east and west and heavenwards, setting his own and his people's course by the very sun itself. And I like to think of him now, beckoning us all toward no earthly pole, but to that far-stretching land wherein is no temple, for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple thereof; and they have no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine upon it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the lamp thereof is the Lamb.

A Fine Young English Gentleman.

No. 5.

The man who picked up a rare book for a penny.

(Continued from Page 70),

LAST month I said I would tell you about a minister in the north of England, who got a bargain at a bookstall twenty years ago.

To begin with, he found two books such as he had used at school, a *Butters' Spelling* and an *Anderson's Geography*. And two things struck him; the smallness of them, and the fact that Butters and Anderson were the names of men who had written them. As a boy he had apparently never read their title pages. So astonished was he at this that he fell a-talking to the man who kept the shop. Then, reflecting that he had been using the man's time, he bought one or two other books, one of them a little volume of controversial tracts which was marked 1d.

When he was glancing over this last in his house before putting it in the fire—the right place for that kind of thing—he found amongst the pamphlets a printed paper of four pages of the time of Oliver Cromwell, which he saw at once to be of value. Five weeks afterwards the British Museum authorities bought it for £7.

The minister gave one pound to the bookstall man, who was as much astonished as delighted, and then set himself to hunt out the person from whom the volume had been bought. That was no easy task, but at last he found out that the woman from whose house it had come was the widowed mother of a young doctor who had died of fever three months after he had set up practice. She had left the town and was now somewhere in the east of Yorkshire. Thither the minister went on his first free day, and after much searching and many disappointments found her at last on the afternoon of the second day. The story of her life and her son's death was so pitiful that he could not think of leaving her till she had told him all. He gave her six pounds, and she blessed him with many tears.

The poor old body told her next door neighbour in her joy, and she in turn told others, and before bedtime the story, with many surprising variations, some of them very cruel, was all over the countryside.

The minister had to stay that night at the village inn, and having spent more than he had been prepared for, had to leave his watch as security. Next morning, when he had taken his seat in the train and was wondering what he could save on so as to make up for his unlooked-for expenditure — other two spoonfuls of water in his ink-bottle was one thing he thought of—he saw some idlers on the platform laughing, but the only words he caught were those spoken to the ticket-examiner, just as the train was starting, by a young fellow who already had a history—"I hope you took a good look at that parson's ticket, for the man that takes a rare book from a poor woman for half-a-crown, and then sells it for fifty guineas, and comes to see if she has any more of the same kind, is

fit to try to chouse a Railway Company."

"Ay, ay, Jimmy," said the ticket-collector, "you are judging others by yourself, as usual; ill-doers are ill-dreaders."

And so the train had not gone very far before the minister had recovered his reputation.

Reasons for not going to Church.—7th Series. No. 7.

This lad is not going to Church to-morrow because his stock of clean collars is exhausted.

1	S	Sanctify yourselves against to-morrow.—*Josh. 7, 13.* John Smith of Pittenweem, Fifeshire, 1770-1809, made an eight-day clock which played eight tunes, one every three hours except on Sabbath. On that day the dial showed the words—"Remember the Sabbath."
2	S	In the morning will I order my prayer unto Thee,
3	M	And will keep watch.—*Ps. 5, 3.*
4	Tu	I love them that love Me,
5	W	And those that seek Me early shall find Me.—*Prov. 8, 17.*
6	Th	Watching daily at My gates, waiting at the posts of My doors.—*v. 34.*
7	F	Seest thou a man diligent in his business?—*Prov. 22, 29.*
8	S	He shall stand before kings. John Phillip, the artist, "Spanish Phillip," having one day's leave in London when a boy, was at the Royal Academy Exhibition by six in the morning. "The doors opened at eight. I was the first in, and they swept me out with the sawdust in the evening."
9	S	Jesus Whom ye slew and hanged on a tree.—*Acts 5, 30.*
10	M	God said, I have given you every tree.—*Gen. 1, 29.*
11	Tu	The trees of the Lord are satisfied,
12	W	Where the birds make their nests.—*Ps. 104, 16.*
13	Th	The trees of the wood are moved with the wind.—*Is. 7, 2.* Mr. M'Kinley, President of the United States, assassinated in 1901, used to "find comfort in the moving green of trees."
14	F	The trees of the field shall clap their hands.—*Is. 55, 12.*
15	S	On this side of the river, and on that was the tree of life.—*Rev. 22, 2.*
16	S	Thine own friend and thy father's friend forsake not.—*Prov. 27, 10.*
17	M	Fight ye not against the Lord, the God of your fathers.—*2 Chron. 13, 12.*
18	Tu	The unfeigned faith which dwelt in thy mother.—*2 Tim. 1, 5.*
19	W	Save the son of Thine handmaid.—*Ps. 86, 16.*
20	Th	I the Lord change not.—*Mal. 3, 6 (R.V.)* "I ashame not to affirm that familiarity once thoroughly contracted was never yet broken on my default."—*John Knox.*
21	F	The God of Israel saith that He hateth putting away.—*Mal. 2, 16.*
22	S	How shall I give thee up, Ephraim?—*Hos. 11, 8.*
23	S	A God of truth.—*Deut. 32, 4.*
24	M	Lying lips are abomination to the Lord,
25	Tu	But they that deal truly are His delight.—*Prov. 12, 22.*
26	W	Tell me nothing but that which is true.—*1 Kings 22, 16.*
27	Th	He that worketh deceit shall not dwell within my house.—*Ps. 101, 7*
28	F	Neither will I go in with dissemblers.—*Ps. 26, 4.* Tennyson put in tiles in the pavement of the entrance-hall at Aldworth, his Surrey home, the Welsh motto, "The Truth against the World."
29	S	The curse shall enter into the house of him that sweareth falsely.—*Zech. 5, 4.*
30	S	He that loveth his life loseth it.—*John 12, 25 (R.V.)* The way to be immortal is to die daily."—*Sir Thomas Browne's Religio Medici.*
31	M	He that loseth his life for My sake shall find it.—*Matt. 10, 39.*

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"Go well into the corners, Ruby."

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"Never Tear up Your Card."

THAT is one of the advices Harry Vardon, four times Open Champion, gives to all golfers, and he backs it up with this story:—

In a London Golf Club competition lately the prize lay between six men. All the others had been "put out of the running." Five of the six did so badly in the early stages of the deciding games that, unknown to each other, they tore up their cards, the little cards on which they marked the number of their strokes; that is to say, they didn't finish the game, but threw it up in disgust or despair. There was now only one man left, and of course he was bound to win the Cup no matter how ill he played, if only he continued to the end. But he didn't know that. Presently he too fell into grievous difficulties, and thinking all was over, was on the point of tearing up his card like the others, when the friend who was marking for him stayed his hand, and, bad as the score was, insisted on its being completed, with the result, of course, that he was declared the winner of the tournament. What must have been the reflections of the others, Vardon asks, when they discovered that if they had kept plodding on they would still have had an excellent chance?

God likes to see boys and girls playing. That is one of the things He made you for. And this is one of the chief things He wants you to learn from your play—Never say "Die;" no game is lost till the other side has won it; and if a game is to be lost, fight pluckily to the very end. That holds true of every game; it holds true of every part of life's work, for men and women as well as for boys and girls; and it holds true for spiritual as well as for temporal things. Whether you are playing cricket or rounders, or football or hide-and-seek, trying races or doing sums in arithmetic or algebra, running for a train or striving for a kingdom, playing or praying, fighting with devils or wrestling with God, go at it, keep at it, never despair, never tear up your card!

What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32, 27.

A Good Name is better than Precious Ointment.—ECCL. 7, 1.

(Continued from page 76.)

What is thy name? Martha

Bishop Thomas Ken, 1637-1711, was the son of MARTHA CHALKHILL. It was he who wrote the hymns, "Awake my soul, and with the sun," and "All praise to Thee, my God, this night," with the doxology, "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow." He used to carry his shroud in his bag; "it might be needed as soon as any other of his habiliments."

What is thy name?

Martha

Theodore Roosevelt, the present President of the United States, is the son of a MARTHA of Scottish extraction.

It was a MRS. MARTHA MAGEE, who died in 1846 after a forty-six years' widowhood, who founded the Londonderry Presbyterian College.

When Edward Hawkins was made Provost of Oriel College, Oxford, in 1828, a ludicrous incident took place. Part of the ceremony of installation consisted in solemnly closing the college gates. The newly elected Provost had to knock, in order to be formally admitted by the Dean and received by the Fellows assembled under the archway. The gates accordingly were duly closed, and the Fellows stood waiting the expected signal. At last a knock was heard, and the Dean advancing asked, "*Quis adest?*" that is, Who is there? "Please, sir," replied a tremulous voice, "it's me. I'm the college washerwoman." The gate was opened, and between the Fellows, drawn up in two ranks, passed the venerable matron laden with baskets of clean linen.

Even so, in the midst of this solemn procession of famous women, comes one, and not unworthily, who, when we are asking "*Quis adest?*" makes answer, "I'm MARTHA, the old negro washerwoman of whom Oliver Wendell Holmes has sung :—

'Sexton! Martha's dead and gone!
Toll the bell! toll the bell!
Her weary hands their labour cease;
Good night! Poor Martha sleeps in peace.

For many a year has Martha said,
"I'm old and poor, would I were dead!"

She'll bring no more, by day or night,
Her basket full of linen white.

'Tis fitting she should lie below
A pure white sheet of drifted snow.

For Martha sleeps to wake in light,
Where all the robes are stainless white.'"

"My mother's maid and housekeeper, MARTHA JONES, daughter of an officer in the army, came to our house at Newbridge, near Dublin, a blooming girl of 18, and died of sorrow at my father's death half-a-century afterwards. Under her mild sway I was as happy a little animal as well might be. . . . Spending one night in a desolate ramshackle inn on a high road up in the Apennines in Italy, in 1858, I sat up late writing a description of the place—as creepy as I could make it!—to amuse 'Joney.' I took my letter with me next day to post it in Florence, but alas! found there waiting me one from my brother, announcing that our dear old servant was dead."—*Frances Power Cobbe's Autobiography.*

Amongst the MARTHAS must not be forgotten MARTHA WASHINGTON, the little negro playmate of Helen Keller, the famous American lady who, though deaf and blind and not yet twenty-six, is both a linguist

What is thy name?

Martha

and an authoress. Martha used to bake and grind coffee with her, and feed the hens and turkeys, and go egg-hunting. They made paper dolls together too, and sometimes out of mischief Helen would try her scissors on Martha's curls.

Arthur Young, 1741-1810, one of the first who treated agriculture as a science, gives us in one of his books a long and touching account of the illness of his daughter MARTHA, his "lovely Bobbin," who died when she was thirteen. Her health first gave way at a boarding-school where all running and quick motion were prohibited as unladylike. The girl with whom she slept could only hear with one ear, and so Martha lay always on one side, and never could do otherwise afterwards without pain. "Five physicians attended her, and none agreed. Had she been a poor girl in a village, she would, I surely think, have been alive and hearty. Such are the blessings of money. It has cost me £120 to destroy my child, for I do not think there was one shilling as bestowed which did not in one way or other do mischief." When she was dying, finding her mother detaining the doctor, she said, "Mamma, you forget there are other ladies wanting the doctor." A little afterwards she bade her father pray for her. When he was done, she, with her hands clasped as if praying with him, said "Amen." That was her last word.

Matilda

MATILDA or, in its shortened form, MAUDE, was the name of the wife of William the Conqueror, who quarrelled with the Pope over his marriage. Henry I.'s wife, too, was MATILDA, daughter of Malcolm King of Scotland. There was difficulty in connexion with her marriage also. She had been made a nun in her childhood, but never wore the veil, as she told Anselm, save in the presence of her aunt who compelled her with blows to put it on. "I wore it trembling with indignation and grief. But as soon as I could get out of her sight I used to snatch it from my head, fling it on the ground, and trample it under foot." King Stephen, too, had a MATILDA for his Queen. There was a famous MATILDA, further, surnamed the Fair and the Chaste, daughter of Robert Fitzwalter, that baron of Dunmow who instituted the custom of giving a flitch of bacon to the couple who, kneeling on two sharp-pointed stones, would affirm that they had neither quarrelled nor repented of their marriage for a year and a day after its celebration. King John wished this Matilda to be one of his evil companions, but she, so says Thomas Fuller, "kept true to the Anagram she had formed out of the letters of her name, 'Tal Maid,' both in stature and in virtuous resolution, and resisted him, till at last, in 1213, the king procured one to poison her by means of a poached egg, meat which in the shell may safely be eaten after a sluttish, out of it not after a malicious hand."

But here comes another washerwoman! MATILDA of Waltham, with whom, as she stood in the court-yard of the palace there looking at the hounds and the huntsmen, King Edward I., in a merry mood, made a wager that she could not ride hunting with them and be in at the death of the stag. She accepted the bet, and to the King's amazement, rode and won!

This Boy has been wearing that cap with "H.M.S. Ganges" on the ribbon for a week, and yet when a gentleman offered him a penny if he could tell him the name of any famous river in India, he couldn't do it! But it was the Boy's Father that was to blame.

A Holiday Task.

THE only quarrel there ever was between the schoolmaster and his wife, about whom Mr. Barrie writes in *The Little Minister*, was about his teaching his little boy Gavin the Lord's Prayer in Greek, as soon as he could say "father" and "mother." It was to be a surprise for her on his second birthday. On that day, while she was ironing, the little fellow took hold of her gown to steady himself, and began to say it, and to the schoolmaster, behind the door, it was music. He got over the first six words, but at the great big seventh

one, of which he made two syllables, he cried, and his mother snatched him up, thinking it was some new ailment.

Perhaps some boy who reads this would like to make that his task for the holidays. It is good always to have a stocking on the wires for a leisure moment, and play is never sweeter than after a little work. Well, here is a holiday task for you—to learn the Lord's Prayer both in Latin and in Greek. I know a man whose holiday task one year, when he was eight or nine, was the learning off by heart of the 119th Psalm! And he managed it, though he tells me he can't say he relished it. He went over it from end to end to his father and mother during the last week of his holidays, and got a humbling a few minutes after. For, just as he had finished it, a friend came in, who, hearing what the boy had done, to test him asked him what the 33rd verse was. It wasn't a fair thing to do, and the boy felt that, but was humbled nevertheless.

"How much of it could you say now?" I asked him the other day.

"A verse here and there that I have learnt in a different way," he answered, "but it will perhaps all come back to me some day, or at least as much of it as I shall need."

There are in the Lord's Prayer twenty-one of the twenty-four letters that make up the Greek alphabet. I don't think many boys, if any, will be persevering enough to hunt them all out, but I shouldn't be surprised to find some girls doing it. The three that are awanting are ζ z, which is the sixth letter, and χ ch and ψ ps, which are the twenty-second and the twenty-third. Some clever girl, too, will no doubt discover that there are two e's in Greek, and two o's, one short and the other long. The long o is Omega, the last letter in the Greek alphabet. It is one of Christ's Names, as you may read in the Book of Revelation. There are two other letters which may puzzle you, θ which is th, as in the word theology, and φ ph, as twice in philosophy.

If there are any of you that are not a bit interested either in the Latin or Greek, I am sorry for you, for it just means that for the present at least there is no overwhelming proof that you will ever be famous men or women; though at the same time, remember, I don't guarantee greatness to any who do take an interest in this, and if in spite of your mastering this lesson, you fail after all to achieve greatness, neither I nor the printers or publishers of this magazine are to be held either by yourselves or your parents or your trustees as responsible for damages! But this you may be sure of, that the boy or girl who is keen to learn anything that is good, and sticks in at it, has not only got a great talent from God, but is using it, which is better, for *God gives all things to industry*, "as poor Richard says."

Here then, first, is the Lord's Prayer in an old Latin Version. I know a school, Dollar Academy, in which the boys in the Latin Class

had to say it together this way—

"Pater noster, Qui es in coelis, sanctificetur Nomen Tuum, veniat regnum Tuum, fiat voluntas Tua, ut in coelo sic etiam in terra. Da nobis hodie panem nostrum quotidianum. Et remitte nobis debita nostra sicut et nos remittimus debitoribus nostris. Et ne nos inducas in tentationem, sed libera nos a malo. Quia Tuum est regnum et potentia et gloria in sæcula sæculorum. Amen."

And here is the Greek as it is in the Sixth of Matthew. The pronunciation is given below. The ' at the beginning of some of the words is equal to our h.

ΠΑΤΕΡ ἡμῶν ὁ ἐν τοῖς οὐρανοῖς, ἁγιασθήτω τὸ ὄνομά σου. Ἐλθέτω ἡ βασιλεία σου· γενηθήτω τὸ θέλημά σου, ὡς ἐν οὐρανῷ καὶ ἐπὶ τῆς γῆς. Τὸν ἄρτον ἡμῶν τὸν ἐπιούσιον δὸς ἡμῖν σήμερον. Καὶ ἄφες ἡμῖν τὰ ὀφειλήματα ἡμῶν, ὡς καὶ ἡμεῖς ἀφίεμεν τοῖς ὀφειλέταις ἡμῶν. Καὶ μὴ εἰσενέγκῃς ἡμᾶς εἰς πειρασμόν, ἀλλὰ ῥῦσαι ἡμᾶς ἀπὸ τοῦ πονηροῦ· ὅτι σοῦ ἐστιν ἡ βασιλεία, καὶ ἡ δύναμις, καὶ ἡ δόξα, εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας. Ἀμήν.

Pater hemon ho en tois ourănois, hagiasthēto to onŏma sou. Elthĕto he basileia sou, genethēto to thelēma sou, hos en ourăno kai epi tes ges. Ton arton hemon ton epiousion dos seméron. Kai aphes hemin ta opheilemăta hemon, hos kai hemeis aphiĕmen tois opheilĕtais hemon. Kai me eisenegkes hemas eis peirasmon, alla rusai hemas apo tou ponērou. Hoti sou estin he basileia, kai he dunămis, kai he doxa, eis tous aiōnas. Amen.

Boys that have Something still to Learn.

The Boy that won't look for a lost cricket ball.

To hear these lads and their companions talking in the train on the morning of the annual excursion one would have thought, in spite of some blunders they made, that they were very fond of cricket and anxious to be good at it. But one was soon disappointed. One of them began hitting stones with the bat—a 15s one—and when kindly checked for it threw the bat down. Other two began fencing with the

wickets and broke one of them. But the game was begun at last, after much disputing, and then one saw their quality. The one who had insisted on having 'first lick,' being bowled second ball, refused to field and went off to play football, cricket, as he put it, being a rotten game. Some of the others followed his example. Those that were left showed only a fitful enthusiasm, shirking catches, refusing to run after the ball till it was evident the ball had no intention of coming back itself, and when they did go after it, kicking it in instead of throwing it. But the most provoking and disheartening thing they did was their refusing to continue looking for the ball after it was lost in a clump of whins and heather. Their master, who had done all he could

to give his workers a good holiday, had paid 6s 6d for it. Even if it had cost only 3d, boys with any pluck or gratitude or sense of decency would have gone down on their knees if necessary, searched the clump inch by inch, and never rested till they found it, though it had taken them all day. But these boys——

I am so angry at them that I had better say no more. Only I fear they won't come to much good, probably marrying while they are still apprentices handless, thriftless girls who can do nothing but infuse tea and buy tinned meats, and they will live and die common labourers, earning half-a-crown one day and tenpence the next.

The Women of the Gospels:

OR

A Looking-Glass for Girls.

(A Bible-Class Exercise.)

SOMETIMES on entering a room or approaching a shop window one sees a person coming whose appearance strikes one in a curious kind of way. It seems both familiar and unfamiliar. Who can it—— No!—yes!—it's myself! There is a mirror there, and we didn't know it.

So likewise we sometimes see ourselves in the glass of Memory, as in Robert Louis Stevenson's lines:—

> Sing me a song of a lad that is gone,
> Say could that lad be I?
> Merry of soul he sailed on a day
> Over the sea to Skye.

But the truest and yet kindest looking-glass of all is God's word. The women mentioned or referred to in the Gospels—it is not needful to give you every reference—are now going to pass before you, and I wish you who are girls to look at them and see if in any of them you can recognise yourselves. Be sure of this, your portrait is there—what you are, or what you were, or what you are to be; and you may see yourselves more than once. And it won't do some other people any harm to look over your shoulders; they may see themselves too in the background.

Look at these women, then:—

1.—As to Age.

Baby-girls, put into Christ's arms, blessed, and given back to their mothers: girls spared by Herod in Bethlehem, whose parents were glad after all that they had not been boys: girls with baby brothers in heaven: girls old enough to be at play, Matt. 11, 17: a girl of 12: Elizabeth, now well stricken in years: one Anna, of a great age. (91 years since she had been married. Notice how reticent the Bible is about women's ages; Sarah's is the only one that is told.)

2.—Their Condition and Relationships.

Virgins, wise and foolish: betrothed: a bride: unmarried women, Martha and Mary: mothers: women without children, and called "blessed:" widows, with and without families: married happily a second time, Ruth, Matt. 1, 5: daughters: sisters: aunt (our Lord's, John 19, 25), and therefore His sisters were her nieces: cousin Elizabeth: and her kinsfolk: mothers and daughters in law: sister in law, Andrew's: a friend's mother, John's ("I like to see the mothers of men I like."—Dr. John Brown): ancestresses, Matt. 1.

3.—Their Sorrows.

Sick, holden with divers diseases and torments, possessed with devils, epileptic, palsied, Matt. 4, 24, R.V.: sick of a fever: ill twelve years, doctors of no use and heavy bills to pay, Mark 5, 26: with a spirit of infirmity eighteen years, and bowed together.

Losing a piece of money: "running out" of things, Matt. 25, 8: finding a door shut: late for a wedding: journeying in fear, Matt. 2, 13: refused room by selfish men, Luke 2, 7.

Having a lover that is thinking of casting her off, Matt. 1, 19: wedding postponed, invitations to it refused: brides dying on their marriage day, Luke 17, 27: having a child born blind: having a child killed: Rachel weeping for her children: being the innocent cause of suffering to others, Matt. 2, 16: looking for a lost child, Luke 2, 45: having a daughter possessed with a devil: widowed: wronged: refused justice, Luke 18, 4: not understanding their children, John 2, 4: misjudged and misunderstood themselves: affronted and exposed, Luke 7, 39, John 8, 4: having a husband that will not take advice, Matt. 27, 19: dying young: living in times of sore judgment: preparing things for the dead: going to the grave to weep.

4.—Their Joys.

Their play: innocent dancing and harmless mimicry, Matt. 11, 17: holy dreams, Matt. 27, 19: their work—shopping: grinding corn, baking, opening the door, entertaining guests, drawing water, giving a stranger a drink, ministering to and feeling for the lonely: lighting a candle: sweeping the floor: telling their neighbours good news: hearing good news about others and rejoicing with them, Luke 1, 58: surrendering themselves to God's will, Luke 1, 38: singing songs and making them, v. 46: dressing their babies, Luke 2, 7: treasuring their sayings and wondering as to their future: praising other women and their children, Luke 11, 27: having a godly husband and children, "the mother of Zebedee's children": having sons ministers: having something too precious to be used on one's self, Matt. 26, 7, and finding it even more useful than one hoped: "loving much": continually in the temple: putting money "in the plate": Christ watching, vindicating, praising them, causing their story to be told: seeking, finding, overcoming Christ, Matt. 15, 27: their witty speech: their kisses. (Browning once spoke of his lips as being sanctified by being kissed by his wife's, and girls should remember that their kisses should all be worthy of Christ's feet): a sinful past forgiven: an honoured name in history: illustrious descendants, Matt. 1, 5-6: awaking after death to find their hand in Christ's in the company of parents and God's saints, Mark 5, 40-41: present for ever at the marriage supper of the Lamb, Matt. 25, 10.

5.—Their Temptations and Sins.

Quarrelling at play, and at work, and about religion, Matt. 11, 16, Luke 10, 40, John 4, 9, Luke 12, 53: fussy, cumbered with much serving: wishing their children to love their mothers more than Christ, Matt. 10, 37; selfish ambition, Matt. 20, 21: unseemly dancing: the impudent glances of bad men, Matt. 5, 28: having a clever bad mother who eggs them on to mischief and ruin, Matt. 14, 8: a life of sin: adultery: hankering after sins from which God has delivered them, "Remember Lot's wife." "And while they went to buy, the Bridegroom came; and

they that were ready went in with Him to the marriage : and the door was shut. Afterward came also the other virgins."

"Give me again all that was there,
Give me the sun that shone !
Give me the eyes, give me the soul,
Give me the lass that's gone !

Sing me a song of a lass that is gone,
Say could that lass be I ?
Merry of soul she sailed on a day
Over the sea to Skye.

Billow and breeze, islands and seas,
Mountains of rain and sun,
All that was good, all that was fair,
All that was me is gone."

But we must end happily !

"Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou?"

"Whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is My sister, and mother."

"All things are ready, come unto the marriage."

Reasons for not going to Church.—7th Series. No. 8.

These young men have been talking all week about the play of Fry and Hayward in the Third Test Australian Cricket Match, "and what they would like to know is why Buckenham of Essex wasn't chosen as one of the bowlers in the Fourth Match." But they have left their church "because their minister doesn't preach often enough about the great social and economic problems which engross the attention of all thinking young men night and day."

1	Tu	Thou shalt not see thy brother's ox go astray, and hide thyself.—*Deut. 22, 1.*
2	W	When the priest saw him, he passed by on the other side.—*Luke 10, 32.*
3	Th	If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death ;
4	F	If thou sayest, Behold, we knew it not :
5	S	He that keepeth thy soul, doth not He know it?—*Prov. 24, 11.* "It is so easy to do a dirty thing with self-satisfaction when it consists in abstaining from action."—*Lord Acton's Letters.*
6	S	God maketh the sun to rise on the evil and the good.—*Matt. 5, 45.*
7	M	Love your enemies, that you may be sons of your Father.
8	Tu	Jesus of Nazareth went about doing good.—*Acts 10, 38.*
9	W	As we have opportunity, let us do good unto all men.—*Gal. 6, 10.* (And if you can't find an opportunity, make one.)
10	Th	Herein is My Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit ;
11	F	And so shall ye be My disciples.—*John 15, 8.* "Professor Freeman, being asked what Dr. Wayte, President of Trinity College, Oxford, was doing, replied, 'I don't know, but I should suppose he is sitting in his chair thinking how he can do some kind act to some one, or else doing it.'"—*Frederick Meyrick's Memories.*
12	S	They took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus.—*Acts 4, 18.*
13	S	Your God is a great God, a mighty and a terrible.—*Deut. 10, 17.*
14	M	He doth execute the judgment of the fatherless and widow,
15	Tu	And loveth the stranger, in giving him food and raiment.
16	W	Love ye therefore the stranger. "A wounded Russian drummer-boy of 16 or 17, whom I handed to the surgeon, cried out—'A moment, officer ; a moment, kind officer. I have something to give you—this book. My father gave me it when I left home. I have nothing more valuable to give you, sir. It is the most precious thing I have.' The book was 'Himmelsbrod : Ein Gebetbuch für Jugend,' Heavenly Bread : A Prayer-book for Young People."—*The Battle of Mukden : Letter in the "Times" from a Japanese Officer.*
17	Th	Let the sighing of the prisoner come before Thee.—*Ps. 79, 11.*
18	F	Blessed is he that considereth the poor :
19	S	The Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.—*Ps. 41, 1.*
20	S	I will judge his house for the iniquity which he knew.—*1 Sam. 3, 13.*
21	M	They would not hear, but hardened their necks.—*2 Kings 17, 14.*
22	Tu	Ye are sons of them that slew the prophets.—*Matt. 23, 31.*
23	W	Be ye not as your fathers.
24	Th	Your fathers, where are they? "I ken the story of my grandmother, the Queen-Regent, that after she was inveigled to break her promise made at Perth, she never saw good day, but from thence, being much loved before, was despised by her people."—*King James VI.*
25	F	Did not My words overtake your fathers?—*Zech. 1, 4 (R. V.)*
26	S	To us belongeth confusion of face ; to the Lord belong mercies.—*Dan. 9, 8.*
27	S	Thou openest Thine hand.—*Ps. 145, 16.*
28	M	The Lord loveth a cheerful giver.—*2 Cor. 9, 7.*
29	Tu	As a matter of bounty, and not of extortion.—*v. 5 (R. V.)*
30	W	God giveth to all liberally, and upbraideth not.—*James 1, 5.*
31	Th	Ask.—*Matt. 7, 7.* "Prayers move God ; threats, and nothing else, move men!"—*Browning's The King and the Book.*

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Yonder is the sea, great and wide, wherein are things creeping.—Ps. 104, 25. R.V.

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When Simon Peter heard that it was the Lord, he did cast himself into the sea.—John 21, 7.

THESE boys have been almost a whole week at the coast, and yet have not learnt to swim. And one can learn in five minutes! The waters were made for man, not to creep in, but to swim in, and to sail on, and to triumph over. In this, as in all other things, we should learn of our Lord, for we are called to be joint-heirs with Him.

Many a man could have saved not only his own life, but the life of another, if he had been able to swim even five or six strokes.

A young man who watched these boys yesterday had made up his mind to teach them to swim to-morrow, and this is their last day at the sea-side! But, if all is well, he is to look out for them, and they are to look out for him, next year.

What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32, 27.

A Good Name is better than Precious Ointment.—ECCL. 7, 1.

(Continued from page 88.)

What is thy name?

Matilda

When Lady MATILDA PLUNKETT was seated with her husband, an Irish nobleman, the Baron of Galtrim, at their marriage-feast, an alarm was raised that "the rebels were coming." The gentlemen at the table instantly put on their armour and sallied out to do battle. After the victory the lady went forth to meet her lover, and found them carrying his dead body on his shield.

> "Sinks on the meadow in one morning-tide,
> A wife and a widow, a maid and a bride."

She subsequently married Sir Richard Talbot, and after his death Baron Cornewalsh. She died in 1482.

Thomas Campbell the poet, 1777-1844, whose mother—he was her eleventh child—once told a shopkeeper to address a parcel to "Mrs. Campbell, mother of the author of *The Pleasures of Hope*," married in 1803 MATILDA SINCLAIR, daughter of a Greenock magistrate. "She was a good gentle patient creature, so frugal and sweet-tempered that she might have disarmed poverty of half its evils." She was very pretty, too, and could make the best cup of Mocha coffee in the world. When they married his fortune consisted of his expectations from a new book he had written and a £50 bank-note in his desk. It is said she sometimes took visitors up-stairs on tip-toe to show them her husband in moments of inspiration!

Edward, 3rd Earl of Devon, commonly called *The Blind Earl*, had for his wife a MAUD, with whom he lived happily for 55 years. He died

What is thy name? Maud

in 1419, and on their tombstone are these words :

What we gave, we have.
What we spent, we had.
What we left, we lost.

Thomas Tesdale, co-founder of Pembroke College, Oxford, was "a lover of God's word, and a great favourer of the preachers thereof. He was a bountiful housekeeper, and gave much alms and relief to the poor, to whom his house was ever open and his hand never shut." At his funeral every man, woman, and child that was present, got sixpence. Before he was 20 he married a widow of 22, MAUD, who had been a Maid of Honour to Queen Elizabeth. She died in 1616, "in the Faith and Fear of the Lord Jesus," "leaving perpetual remembrance of her love" wherever she had lived, "in all which places she hath lovingly anointed Christ Jesus in His poor members." She left money also to build a monument "to propagate her husband's memory rather than her own." Further, she bequeathed £200 to build "strong and sufficient galleries in St. Mary's Church, Oxford, whereby all people might stand the more conveniently to hear the word of God, to His glory and their own comfort."

MAUD in Tennyson's great poem is the name of the beautiful but cold-looking girl, daughter of a rich, proud, bad father but good mother, whom her nameless and poor but life-long lover takes at first to be "faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null," but afterwards finds to be as true as she is sweet.

I kissed her slender hand,
She took the kiss sedately ;
Maud is not seventeen,
But she is tall and stately.

I know the way she went
Home with her maiden posy,
For her feet have touched the meadows
And left the daisies rosy.

This is how he speaks of her comeliness :

O beautiful creature, what am I
That I dare to look her way,
And dream of her beauty with tender dread,
From the delicate Arab arch of her feet
To the grace that, bright and light as the crest
Of a peacock, sits on her shining head,
And she knows it not : O, if she knew it,
To know her beauty might half undo it.

And this is what he says of "the plainness of her dresses" :

Now I know her but in two,
Nor can pronounce upon it
If one should ask me whether
The habit, hat and feather,
Or the frock and gipsy bonnet
Be the neater and completer ;
For nothing can be sweeter
Than maiden Maud in either.

What is thy name? Maud

MAUD MULLER, the subject of one of Whittier's poems, was a country maiden from whom a Judge asked a drink one day as she was raking hay. They talked for a little about the crops and the weather, and then as he rode away poor Maud thought how great a thing it would be to be a rich man's wife and have plenty to give to the poor. The Judge had his thoughts too.

A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.
And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.
Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay;
No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues.
But he thought of his sisters proud and cold,
And his mother vain of her rank and gold.
So closing his heart the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

They each married afterwards in their own rank, but both often thought of that meeting by the well, and wondered at all that "might have been." Then the poet concludes:

Ah! well for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;
And in the hereafter angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

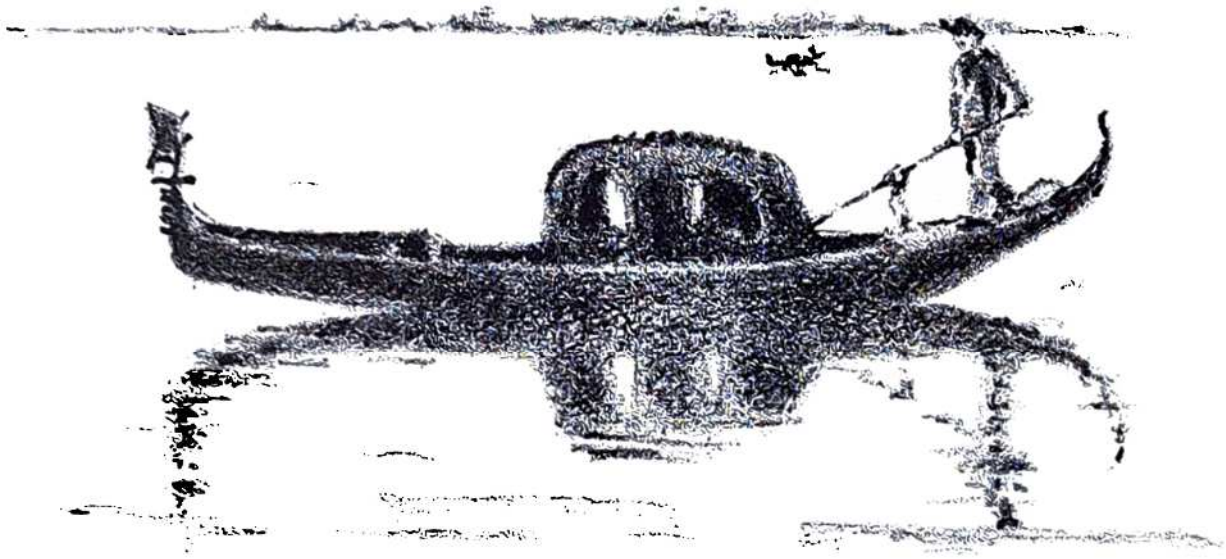
That is to say, God will satisfy all the worthy hopes and longings that we have had here, in His Own way, in the Kingdom of His Son.

The Gondola.

THE city of Venice, "the Queen of the Adriatic," is built on 117 islands, which are separated by 150 canals and united by 380 bridges. There are lanes all through the city for people on foot, but most of the traffic is done in gondolas on the canals.

A gondola, cushions and all, costs about 1200 lire. (One lira = one franc = 9½d.) Rich Venetians used to spend so much money on them that the State had at last to interfere, and passed what is called a sumptuary law, that is a law to limit expenses, ordaining that all gondolas should be painted plain black.

A gondola is said to be the most delightful carriage in the world. Though it is 30 feet long and 4 broad, it is so exquisitely shaped and proportioned that it is moved and turned about by one oar "whither the impulse of the steersman willeth." But the prettiest thing of all is when there is another gondolier at the bow, and the two urge their boat to its full speed, and then stop it in an instant with as much foam about the blades as possible. The effect, says Mr. Ruskin, in his



Stones of Venice, is like that of stopping a horse at speed by pulling him on his haunches.

And Abraham planted a tamarisk tree in Beersheba, and called there on the name of the Lord, the Everlasting God.—Gen. 21, 34—R.V.

I ONCE knew an old minister, very poor, who, till he learned to make his own ink out of the oak-galls which he found in the woods, used to keep two qualities of ink on his desk. The first was good stuff as it came from the maker, which he used for letters to strangers, or to people with weak eye-sight, or for notes and jottings which he himself might wish to read, if he were spared, in the years to come. The second quality was weak, much diluted with water. He used it for sermons and other documents that were for his own immediate use, things as he said, "that perished in the using." He calculated that he saved that way about fourpence in the year, or ten shillings every thirty years. Some people, especially those who are always borrowing, would not count that very much, but as he carried that habit of saving into everything, his salary of £80 went, with God's blessing, as far as another man's £200.

He was fixing a little bit of paper with a date on it on a big black bottle one day when I called. "This is a bottle of sermon ink that I have just been making up," he explained, "and it's always a very solemn day to me when I do that. That bottle should serve me, if all goes well, if it lasts like the others, two years and two months. There should be about two hundred and thirty sermons and lectures in it, and when I think of that, and of all the things that may happen, and of all the experiences both glad and sorrowful, that have to be added to the ink before it can make the sermons, I could almost cry."

Thoughts of a like kind, I am sure, must have passed through Abraham's mind, when, after planting that tamarisk tree, he called on the name of the Everlasting God.

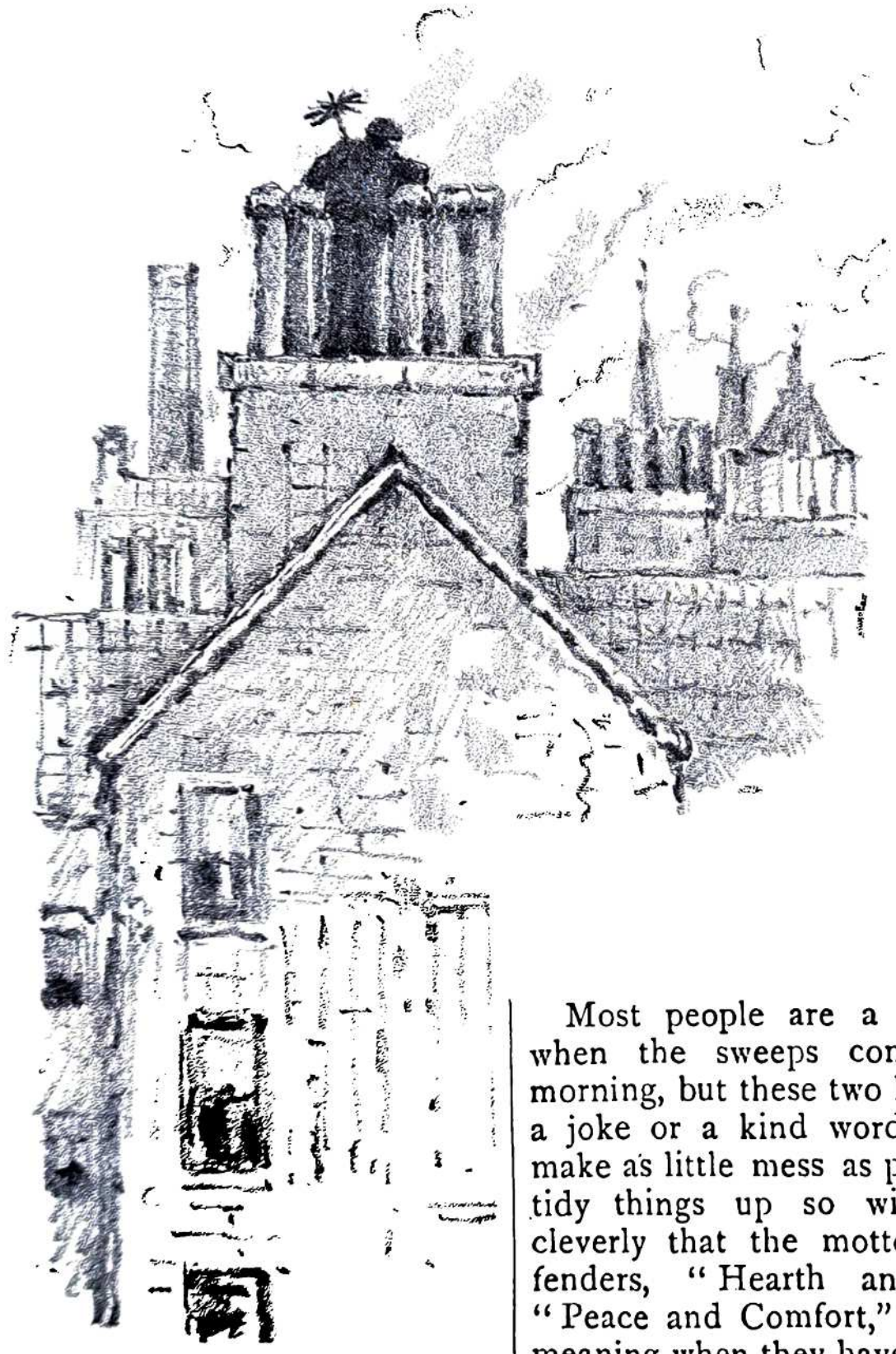
Unless you live in a rainy country-side, and then the fewer trees the better, for they attract and retain the rain, it is good to be always planting trees. "They will be growing when we are sleeping." But Abraham planted that tree not only to be a resting-place for travellers and a land-mark for foot-sore wayfarers, but as a witness and a memorial of the oath between him and Abimelech, and still more of the oath between him and God. His own years could not be very many now. That tree would be living when he would be in the grave. But God would be living too, and working for him, and that tree and the sons unborn that should sit under it would see all the promises fulfilled. Meantime he could only be persuaded of them and embrace them afar off.

That is one of the ways in which, to use Emerson's words, "we can hitch our waggon to a star." There is history and there is prophecy in everything we see or touch. "Master," said the disciples, "behold what manner of stones and what manner of buildings!" *They* thought of Herod and King Solomon. *He* thought of the Everlasting God and the days that were to be. "Seest thou these great buildings? there shall not be left here one stone upon another, which shall not be thrown down."

Behold, a ladder; and, behold, the angels of God ascending and descending on it.—Gen. 28, 12.

THESE words fitly describe that Sweep and his unseen mate at the other end. These two men love to magnify their office. They have their difficulties and annoyances, but these are the things that test a man and bring out all that is in him. There are wet and stormy mornings, and mornings when the slates are slippery with ice, but their calling is then as exciting and bracing as mountaineering in the Alps. "But," say they, "think of the bird's-eye views we get of every part of the town and country, and think of the sunrises we see, and the caller morning air we breathe, to say nothing of the birds that come to sing to us or valiantly defy us to touch one of their little ones. And further, think of the thoughts that come up in our minds when we see column after column of smoke ascending, and see in imagination the clever thrifty loving wives that are joyfully kindling the fires that will boil the porridge for their husbands and hungry weans. And would it ever have occurred to you," they will say, "that at least twice we have heard the sound of singing at family worship coming up through a chimney, not of course the one we were cleaning, but the one next to it?"

It is by the way they do their work, however, that these men magnify their office most. They have always a good brush, and they love to make a good job, taking a special delight in cleaning



out an obstinate corner or a curious bend. They try, as they say, to let as much of the light of heaven into the chimney as they can.

Most people are a little cross when the sweeps come in the morning, but these two have always a joke or a kind word, and they make as little mess as possible and tidy things up so willingly and cleverly that the mottoes on the fenders, "Hearth and Home," "Peace and Comfort," have a new meaning when they have done their work. Many a chance, too, they have of saying a helping or a solemn word, and when they get the chance they take it. Many a

whisky bottle, too, with or without its hateful-smelling contents they whip into their sheets of soot. Truly they are not among the least radiant of the angels of light, and many a little child that fled from them at first has come back and stood near to gaze with wonder at their transfigured faces.

When you are a little older you must get Charles Lamb's *Essays of Elia* out of a library some day, and read his great paper on "The Praise of Chimney-Sweepers." It will show you what a marvellous tool language is in the hands of a master who can use it. It is about the little fellows who, in the days of our forefathers, had themselves to enter the flues, and "go sounding through dark stifling caverns till they emerged in safety at the top, the brandished weapon of their art victorious like some flag waved over a conquered citadel!"

He hath made a pit and digged it, and is fallen into the ditch which he made.—Ps. 7, 15.

Chapter I.

This lady was writing to a friend, and this is part of her letter.

"I have had *such* a hearty laugh this forenoon at my next door neighbours. We have had no rain, as I told you, for *ever* so long. But for the last four days our good old-fashioned barometer which belonged to *dear* grandpapa has been falling, after standing at Serene for ages as steadily as it used to do when we were in India. The weather prophets, too, were saying all kinds of nasty things and my rheumatic shoulder was aching horribly. But I have got a new lotion which I am told is *certain* to do me a *great* deal of good. Lady Vibert uses it. So it was *quite* evident a change was coming. But our neighbours don't get a newspaper and they didn't know that. And what did they do last night but carry water to water their garden for *hours* and *hours* on end, out of their washing-house, up-stairs and downstairs, and across what they call their lawn, the whole lot of them, father and mother and sons and daughters and uncles and aunts, and I was going to say men-servants and maidservants, only they don't keep a servant but just have an old woman once a week. Such a horrid old creature! You would have thought they were preparing a flood to destroy the earth. And they looked *so* tired and yet so *pleased* with themselves when they were done. And this forenoon, for the last hour, the rain has just been coming down in torrents, and they might have saved themselves all that trouble. The morning was brighter than usual, but all at once the sky became overcast, and then it got dark. . . . I'm afraid we are going to have thunder and lightning, and I am all alone. I sent my new maid into town for some things I had forgotten and I wish she was back. She will likely be taking shelter somewhere, servants are so selfish and inconsiderate."

Chapter II.

Meantime the little maid was hurrying home as fast as she could,

and for a special reason. She had been only three weeks with the lady and, in her anxiety to please her, had carried out, very cleverly as she thought, without telling her mistress, a number of quilts and other things to get an airing. When she got home, to her great astonishment and still greater delight she found them all nicely folded and almost quite dry, lying in the little porch that stood in front of her kitchen door.

Chapter III.

When she came in her mistress asked her to post a letter, she was so thoroughly drenched she couldn't be any worse!

Chapter IV.

When she came back, her mistress said, "I am so glad you caught the post, you were just in time, only I saw you speaking to that person who lives in the next house, and I

don't wish you to do that in future. I don't know her. Our families don't belong to the same social—that is, we have no dealings with them. It's just like—you understand what I mean."

"Yes, ma'am," said the little maid, without thinking, but only glad to show she knew her Bible and understood the reference, "like the Jews and the Samaritans. But she was only telling me that she had seen me putting out some things in the green to air and had noticed me going into town before the storm broke, and as nobody went out to take them in, she thought my mistress had been from home, and she ran out and lifted them and put them in the porch, and I said it was real good of her and I was sure my mistress would take it real kind, but she said it was nothing, just what anybody would have done, and she was sure you would have done the same for her in the same circumstances."

Chapter v.

"I'm very sorry, Jane, I sent you out with that letter in the rain," said her mistress two hours after, "it could have waited till to-morrow, and I think now, better if it had."

When thou beatest thine olive tree, thou shalt not go over the boughs again: it shall be for the stranger, for the fatherless, and for the widow. When thou gatherest the grapes of thy vineyard, thou shalt not glean it after thee: it shall be for the stranger, for the fatherless, and for the widow.—Duet. 24, 20.

IF any of you are spared to have houses of your own and gardens, remember that you are not to pluck your gooseberry or currant bushes bare, or even to pull every apple or plum or pear for yourself, when August and September come. For one thing, it is not easy to gather every berry. They seem to like to hide from us, and to glory in surprising us. There is even more "good-will in the bush" than we at first expected. And God is so good to us that we can't be happy till we tell others about it and bid them come and see for themselves.

When you are rich men, therefore, go sometimes during the season of fruit into the highway, and compel some poor laddie or poor lassie to come in—they won't need much compelling—and give them some berries to eat and a handful or two to carry home like the spies, that so their story may be believed. And when that boy becomes a millionaire and his *Life* is written, you will be remembered—referred to in a foot-note, perhaps! Or, better still, you may see some poor old man, out for his lonely walk, pleased to be taken notice of by anybody. Bring him in, and when he is done eating—and he won't eat many—give him some to take home to his good-daughter and the children. Grandfather will feel, for once, that he is not in anybody's way.

Then, further, it is not worth your while to pull every berry. For on most bushes, as on Aaron's rod, there are fruits at every stage, some ripe, some only ripening. Let these latter wait a day or two, and then when some friend comes to see you and says, "I suppose I am too late

for the fruit this year," you will be very happy when you can say, "Well, I'm sorry the most of it is pulled, but you are still in time; there's a little left for the stranger, and we'll go out and see."

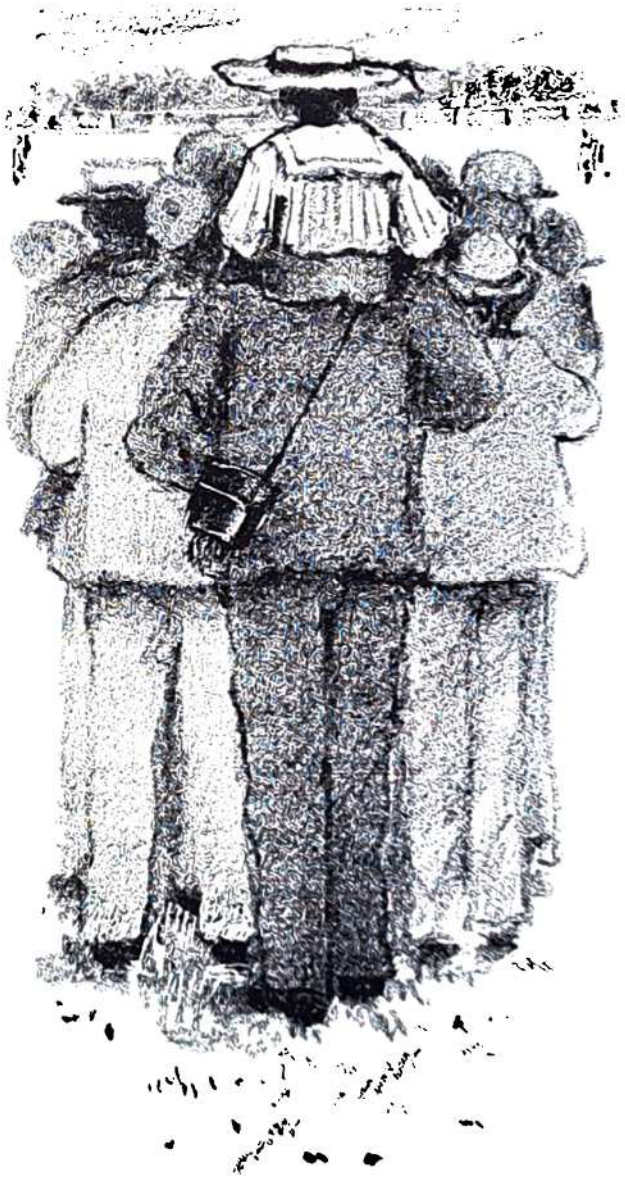
Do you know the reason God gave the Israelites for this command? "Thou shalt remember that thou wast a bondsman in the land of Egypt." There was a time when they hadn't gardens, and they knew what it was to be hungry. So to every grown-up man God says—"Remember you were once a boy."

And if you bring a boy or girl into your garden, and he breaks a branch, or pulls up a flower by the root, or when he plucks a rose plucks all the buds along with it, don't be too angry, but put it down to his ignorance and his excitement. The child may never have seen a berry bush before, and he knows nothing about flowers, excepting this—that for once he is amongst them, and amongst them, alas! only for a few brief moments.

A Fine Young English Gentleman.

No. 6.

THAT young man, a doctor who is taking his only holiday this year, travelled 120 miles to see the Australian cricketers, and being early on the field was much pleased at getting a seat. Presently, however, he gave it up to an old man, and then, as the crowds came pouring in, he made people who were less tall than himself go in front of him. But later comers, less considerate, have kept pushing in in front of him till now he can see very little of the game. His heart was most



sorry for a little fellow who could see nothing at all, but the small boy's delight now has more than repaid him for his own disappointment.

1	F	The godless man's trust is a spider's web.—*Job 8, 14 (R. V.)*
2	S	Their webs shall not become garments.—*Is. 59, 6.* "Cobweb-armoury against the lightning."—*Browning.*
3	S	O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God.—*Rom. 11, 33.*
4	M	Even the wisdom that hath been hidden.—*1 Cor. 2, 7 (R. V.)*
5	Tu	Things which eye saw not, and ear heard not.
6	W	Whatsoever things God hath prepared for them that love Him.
7	Th	But unto us God revealed them through the Spirit :
8	F	For the Spirit searcheth all things, yea the deep things of God.
9	S	Which things angels desire to look into.—*1 Pet. 1, 12.* "By steering the easiest course I should have traversed a part of the ocean that had been sounded before. But I was determined to get soundings where none had previously been taken, even if it meant the sacrifice of all the sounding gear."—*Mr. Bruce of the Scotch Antarctic Expedition.*
10	S	Who is on the Lord's side?—*Gen. 32, 26.* "The right is the right, if the lads were the lads."—*Motto of the Clans Macnab and Neish.*
11	M	The battle is not yours, but God's.—*2 Chr. 20, 15.*
12	Tu	How say ye to my soul, Flee?—*Ps. 11, 1.*
13	W	I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.—*Phil. 4, 13.*
14	Th	Thy servant will go and fight with this Philistine.—*1 Sam. 17, 32.*
15	F	In the name of our God we will set up our banners.—*Ps. 20, 5.*
16	S	Curse ye Meroz; they came not to the help of the Lord.—*Judg. 5, 23.*
17	S	As the door turneth upon its hinges, so doth the sluggard.—*Prov. 26, 14.*
18	M	Yet a little sleep, a little slumber.—*Prov. 6, 10.* "At Russian fairs the favourite amusement is the unexciting *see-saw*. Most Russian country houses have one."
19	Tu	Drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags.—*Prov. 23, 21.*
20	W	The sluggard will not plow by reason of the cold :
21	Th	Therefore shall he beg in harvest, and have nothing.—*Prov. 20, 4.*
22	F	Stir up the gift of God, which is in thee.—*2 Tim. 1, 6.*
23	S	God girdeth me with strength.—*Ps. 18, 32.*
24	S	O Lord, open Thou my lips.—*Ps. 51, 15.*
25	M	O Lord, keep the door of my lips.—*Ps. 141, 3.*
26	Tu	Write.—*Rev. 1, 11.* Write not.—*Rev. 10, 4.*
27	W	Thou shalt not go up and down as a talebearer.—*Lev. 19, 16.*
28	Th	Meddle not with him that openeth wide his lips.—*Prov. 20, 19 (R. V.)*
29	F	Tattlers, speaking things which they ought not.—*1 Tim. 5, 13.* Mrs. Gladstone at the beginning of her married life got the choice from her husband either—"to know nothing and be free from all responsibility," or—"to know everything and be bound to secrecy."
30	S	A virtuous woman : the heart of her husband trusteth in her.—*Prov. 31, 11.*

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The Morning Watch.

VOL. XVIII. *Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.* NO. 10.

The End o' the Day
And the Last Load Home.

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Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God.—Matt. 5, 9.

FIFTY years ago, during the Indian Mutiny, the Sepoys did many dreadful things to British men and women, and our soldiers in their rage for "retribution" did many dreadful things in their turn. I myself have heard an officer boast that for days, after he saw his father killed by the men of his regiment, he "shot every Hindoo man-jack he could." His "biggest bag" was seventeen, one Sabbath morning. Lord Canning, the Governor-General, tried hard to stop this shedding of innocent blood, and was nicknamed in consequence "Clemency Canning." Peacemakers will be called many things, "weaklings," "visionaries," "fools," but the name that will abide is—"the children of God."

It has been said, "Always treat an enemy as if he might one day be your friend." It has also been said, "And always treat a friend as if he might one day be your enemy." This latter is a questionable saying, but the former is "worthy of all acceptation." And that is what the Japanese have done in letting off the Russians, as we would say, so easily. They might well have fought on till they got their hundred-and-twenty million pounds or more. They have lost that, they have flung it away; but they have saved multitudes of human lives, and they shall in no wise lose their reward. Few nations have ever won such victories as they have done during these two awful years, but in ruling their own spirits and in giving up so much that was rightly theirs for peace, they have won the mightiest victory of all. May the God of peace make them perfect in every good work to do His will, through Jesus Christ, to Whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.

What is Thy Name?—Gen. 32, 27.

A Good Name is better than Precious Ointment.—Eccl. 7, 1.

(Continued from page 100.)

What is thy name?

Maud.

"And beneath a willow tree I a little grave did see,
Where was graved,—Here, undefiled, lieth Maud, a little child,
Eighteen Hundred, forty-three.
And I said in underbreath,—All our life is mixed with death,
And who knoweth which is best?
Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west,
And I smiled to think God's greatness flowed around our incompleteness,
Round our restlessness, His rest."—*Mrs. Browning.*

The late Professor W. G. Elmslie, 1848-1889, when a student at Edinburgh, knew an article in an Aberdeen newspaper—a review of a

What is thy name? May

book—to be the work of his mother, MAY CRUICKSHANK, by the words "wrestling believing prayer," a favourite phrase of hers. She was a beautiful and accomplished woman.

To a beautiful young girl of nineteen, MAY RAWLINSON, whom he had met in Bournemouth in 1886, Robert Louis Stevenson, then 36, wrote these lines a few days after:

Of the many flowers you brought me,
Only some were meant to stay,
And the flower I thought the sweetest
Was the flower that went away.

Of the many flowers you brought me,
All were fair and fresh and gay,
But the flower I thought the sweetest
Was the blossom of the May.

Five years afterwards he wrote congratulating her and her husband on her marriage. "You must grow more beautiful, or you will soon be less. It is not so easy to be a flower, even when you bear a flower's name. And if I admired you so much, and still remember you, it is not because of your face, but because you were then worthy of it, as you must still continue. . . . What a good husband Mr. —— will have to be! And you—what a good wife! Carry your love tenderly. I will never forgive him—or you—it is in both your hands—if the face that once gladdened my heart should be changed into one sour or sorrowful."

How Johnnie Runciman Missed Seeing the Eclipse.

CHAPTER I.

JOHNNIE RUNCIMAN was the only son of his mother, a widow who did washing and dressing and mangling, or rather was willing to do them if only she could have got the chance. "It is about as difficult to get washing as it is to get into the Cabinet." So says a great writer, and Mrs. Runciman has found that specially true these last two years. She lives in a little village on the Clyde, but the people who knew her husband and the brave struggle of her early widowhood are mostly all away from the place, and the strangers who come there in summer patronize the big laundries. One or two of the few who have patronized her have forgotten to pay her. *Forgot* is the word they would use if they were challenged, but it is not the word God would use.

CHAPTER II.

Johnnie had been greatly taken up with an illustrated article on the August Eclipse in a newspaper that came wrapped round some shirts. It had diagrams very fearsome-looking, showing the path of the Eclipse across the earth from Labrador to Arabia, and telling how eclipses come about. There were stories, too, about their effect on birds and beasts and flowers, and the awesome spectacle of some shadow that comes rushing at the

rate of thousands of miles an hour. He read it all over to his mother at night, and got from her her own reminiscences of what she had seen and heard about eclipses. The chief thing she remembered was hearing her own mother describe her grief as a child, away back in the fifties of last century, at watching the bigger ones at school looking through pieces of smoked glass and asking in vain to be allowed one peep.

The next morning Johnnie told the boys and girls with whom he played what he had been reading and hearing, and how the sun and moon and earth played as it were at "cross-tig," and smoked glass was the thing to see it with, unless they wanted to be blinded. Then they set out gathering bits of glass, and next day they kindled a little fire on the shore, and the more it smoked were for once the better pleased. More than one hand, too, was cut, but that only made them what Sir David Brewster called *Martyrs of Science*, Astronomers suffering at the stake. And so, all ready, they waited for the great day.

CHAPTER III.

Early on Wednesday morning two men rowed ashore from the *Heron*, a steam yacht of 225 tons that had anchored overnight in the bay. The *Heron* belonged to the M'Dhu of M'Dhu. Englishmen laugh when they hear the name, but that only shows their ignorance. The M'Dhus, be it known, had no less than two male and two female ancestors in Noah's Ark! Yet, after all, the M'Dhus are only human, and the two sailors had come ashore with a big washing to be done, but who was to do it? for the yacht, after receiving some guests, was to be off again by seven o'clock at night. A policeman happily directed them to Mrs. Runciman's. "We are overrun here," he said, "with vans and carts from all the laundries in the kingdom, and they have even started motor-cars for them, taking the bread out of poor women's mouths, but there will be no vans to-day, seeing it's Wednesday, and Mrs. Runciman is a decent, obliging woman, and she has a hard struggle. She'll never manage all that washing in one day, and nobody could expect it, but I'm sure she'll do what she can, and see that you pay her not only the public laundry prices but something extra for the obligement."

CHAPTER IV.

When the Eclipse was beginning about half-past eleven, Lady Margaret M'Dhu, driving along the shore with two of her guests, an Englishman and his wife, was a little amused at finding a group of four-and-twenty boys and girls with black bits of glass in their hands, standing on a little mound, gazing up into heaven. They could have seen the Eclipse from their own back doors, or from any place where the sun was visible, but they felt instinctively that such a sight should be looked at from as worthy a stance as possible. The lady, who had meant to bring dark-coloured spectacles and had forgotten them, asked permission to look through one of the bits of glass, and, having passed it to her guests in turn, was handing it back

to one of the boys, when a girl said, "Will we no gie the coachman a keek through?"

"An English girl," said the gentleman smiling, "would have said *shall* instead of *will*."

"Yes," said his wife, "if she had had the grace to say anything so kind, but now, my dear, you must give them something. They will expect it."

"Here, my boy," said he accordingly, "here's two shillings to divide amongst you."

"No, thank you, sir," said the boy, "our teacher says we are not to take money that way from visitors."

"Is that so?" he said, turning to the little girl who stood nearest him.

"Yes, sir," was her answer, "we are not to be beggars," and then added—but she blushed after saying it—"we are astronomers."

"And who told you about the Eclipse?" said Lady Margaret, very proud of her countrymen.

"Please ma'am," shouted a dozen voices, "it was Johnnie Runciman."

"And which of you is he?"

"Please ma'am, he's no here."

"And where is he?"

"He's helping his mother wi' a big washing."

CHAPTER V.

And indeed that was what he was doing. For when his mother saw the washing, she said, "I hardly think I can manage it. But I'm willing to do as much of it as I can. What have you there?"

"Twelve sheets, six table-cloths, two dozen pillow-slips, two dozen towels, and six dozen table-napkins."

"And they must be ready by six o'clock?"

"Six o'clock at the very latest."

"I'll see, but I doubt it. The sun's shining, and it's dry looking, and there's a fine wind, and I would like to try, but you'll have to stay in, Johnnie, and help me."

Poor Johnnie did stay in, but with a sore heart, for, according to the paper, there was not to be another

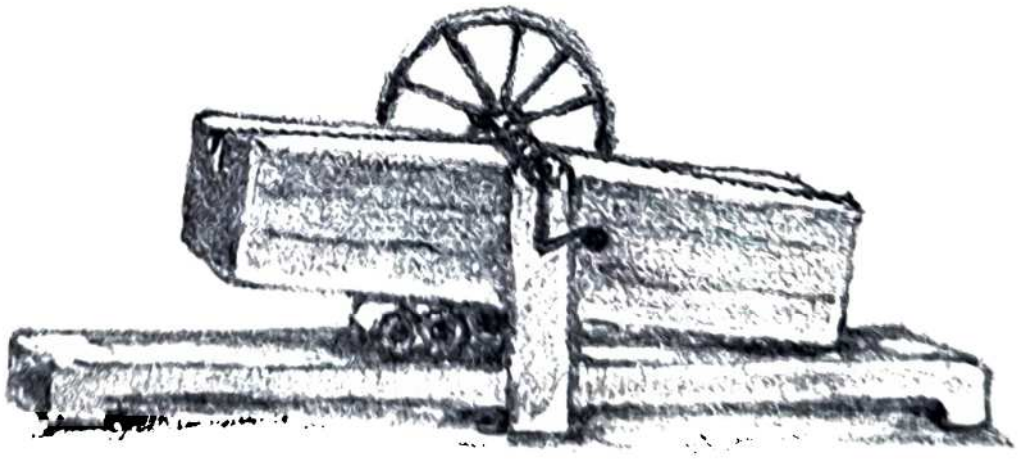
good eclipse till 1912. Still, he hoped he might manage it somehow; but when a little girl called at nine o'clock to ask if he had any smoked glass to spare, for she had broken the bit she had and couldn't get another, he handed her his own bit, and felt that now for him at least the Eclipse was as good as over.

It would take a cleverer person than I am, a washerwoman to wit, to describe how Mrs. Runciman worked that day. She did the napkins and small things first, partly to get them out of the way, and partly because Johnnie could be trusted to mangle them. But it was as much as he could do, poor little man, for the mangle was one of those heavy old wooden ones filled with stones, well enough balanced, but still pretty hard for a boy of eleven to work.

When it was half-past twelve and he knew the Eclipse must be about its best, his back and arms were very weary, but his heart was sore. And then he made a great discovery. He had run out for a moment or two, as indeed had his mother also, to look at the sun, but the glare dazzled them, and they could see nothing. But as he "caa'ed" the mangle he happened to look into a tub of water between him and the window, and in it he could see the reflection of the eclipse as plain as anything, and he could look at it and do his work too. "Oh, mother, mother, look! look!" he cried, and I don't know which of the two was the happier. The water had as it were been turned into something better than wine!

CHAPTER VI.

As the afternoon wore on, and Mrs. Runciman was afraid she was going to be beat, some of the neighbours a little way off noticed that the policeman paid her three visits, and stayed nearly ten minutes each time, and looked very hot when he came out. "He has evidently been sent to speak to her about that mangle of hers, and no wonder, for it's liker a foundry than a laundry with that clamp clamping noise it makes." But the policeman was only helping Mrs. Runciman with the big tablecloths. "Maybe I shouldna say it," he remarked when the last one had been put through, "but that's better than



any of their steam machines could do it; it's the best mangling they ever got in their life."

CHAPTER VII.

When the sailors came at half-past five, for the yacht was to start earlier than had been expected, they were surprised to find everything done, and, as even they could see, splendidly done. The account, too, had been made out, written like copperplate by Johnnie—he was a little vain of his writing — and beautiful straight lines ruled with the back of a knife under the figures. It was dated, too, and receipted all correct.

CHAPTER VIII.

The papers next day were full of the Eclipse, and as there were many visitors on board the yacht, there was a good deal of laughing over their hostess's experiences on shore.

At lunch—the sun was shining in through the open skylight in all his glory—one of the lady visitors said, "Excuse me, Lady Margaret, but I think that's the prettiest tablecloth I ever saw. How do you manage to get things done that way?"

"To tell the truth," was the answer, "I was admiring it myself! We got some things done yesterday in a great hurry. I must ask the steward to keep a note of the place."

CHAPTER IX.

"Wonders will never cease," said Lady Margaret, an hour afterwards as she sat knitting on deck. You remember we heard that the boy who told the children about the Eclipse was helping his mother with a big washing? Well, it turns out that it was the washing from our yacht! Here is the account—

30th August, 1905.

The Heron,

To Mrs. Runciman.

12 sheets at 4d, .	£0	4	0
6 table-cloths at 2½d,	0	1	3
24 pillowslips at 1d,	0	2	0
24 towels, . .	0	1	6
72 table napkins at ¾d,	0	4	6
	£0	13	3

Paid.

With thanks,

Mrs. Runciman,

per J. Runciman.

"Isn't it beautifully written, too? There's my Torquil that has been at Eton two years, and he couldn't write like that if it were to save his life."

Lady Margaret found out, further, from one of the men how distressed Mrs. Runciman said her boy had been at missing the Eclipse, and how he hadn't missed it after all. And she told the story at dinner, and the M'Dhu of M'Dhu—and he is a Highland chief and not a man to be gainsayed—said "That boy deserves a present. What would you recommend?" he added, turning to a minister on board.

"I would send him Sir Robert Ball's book, *The Starry Heavens*. It's a handsome book, and as interesting as any novel. And I would put a text in it—'Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness,' or something like that."

"The book is a good idea, and we'll see about the text."

"You know," he added a little after, "there's a saying about a race that was won by a famous horse 150 years ago or so—'Eclipse first, the rest nowhere.' I think I'll put this on the book:

'To the Boy
Who put His Mother First
And Eclipse Nowhere.'"

"But," said the minister, "will that not be teaching the boy to bet on horse-racing?"

"No fear," said the M'Dhu of M'Dhu, "the boy that has anything of the astronomer in him will never stoop so low as to have anything to do with betting."

CHAPTER X.

I don't know all that's going to come out of that day's washing, but Lady Margaret has some grand design in her head, and I shouldn't wonder if, when the yacht returns to the bay in three weeks, Mrs. Runciman is asked to go and be laundress at Castle Dhu.

A Fine Young English Gentleman.

No. 7.

THIS young man went out to post two letters, one of them the most solemn a young man can write. When he came to the letter pillar-box, he held the letters a few moments in his hand, and seemed to be thinking. I daresay he was praying. As he stood, two little girls came and looked wistfully at him. "Would you like to put these letters in the box?" he asked. "Please, yes, sir." Then he gave one to the elder of the two, and said, "That's for my brother in a place far, far away, called Shanghai." And the name stuck in her mind, though she little thought then that through Shanghai she herself was to pass, eighteen years later, on the noblest of all errands—to engage in missionary work.

Then he gave the younger one the other letter, telling her, too, as was right, whom it was for. "It is for a young lady," he said, "and when you are a big girl, perhaps some day you will get a letter very much like this, and I hope you will ask God to tell you what to write back." Then he asked her name and where she stayed, and that day twelve months she got a pretty little work-basket, with a note in it—"From the lady to whom you posted a certain letter this happy day a year ago."

Joseph's Dreams and Joseph's Sheaves.

Behold, we were binding sheaves in the field, and, lo, my sheaf arose, and also stood upright; and, behold, your sheaves stood round about, and made obeisance to my sheaf. Genesis 37. 7.

ANY butcher or baker or milkman, whose cart or van goes a regular daily round, will tell you that his horse knows all the houses to stop at as well as he does himself, and that he sometimes finds it not very easy to get it to halt at a new door. So is it with our minds when we sleep. They take the road by night that they are wont to go by day. Our days, therefore, make our

nights, and our dreams are actions for which we have to account to God.

Some people, when you say that to them, reply that our dreams all depend upon what we have had for supper, and then they laugh, as if they had said something clever. They do not see that they are simply proving what they deny. It is our minds that should rule our bodies, and not our bodies our minds.

Temptation comes to us in the night season in many ways, but if a

man keeps close to God when he is awake, he will resist the devil even when he is asleep. The spirit will arouse itself, if need be, just as the chief engineer on board a ship, whether he be playing at draughts with a passenger on deck, or be sleeping in his bunk, notices in a moment the slightest change in the beat of the engines.

So near is God to us, and so fond is He of showing us that He is near, that He used to come to men in dreams when He had something specially great to say to them. It may be He does not come to us that way now, for He has other and better ways, but if that be so, we must not let Satan claim a path that has been disused by God. Let us do with our minds at night what they often did long ago with gates through which a King had passed—close them, build them up, not to be opened, till the King Himself choose to come that way again.

Joseph's dreams show us not only what his daily work was, but how he did that work. The sheaves in the harvest field differ as much as the men that make them. A good farmer who knows his workers could tell by their size, their neatness, their firmness, and in many other ways, which sheaf was made by whom. Whatever Joseph did was done well, and his fellow workmen had to own it. Their sheaves bowed down to his, and voted his the first prize. Men can't help admiring the best when they see it. "Lord, he hath *ten* pounds." Even bad men respect those whom they see to be better than themselves. I have known the master of a public work break off in the middle of a bad story he was telling, because a godly workman—whose wages were a pound a week—came into the room. That was his sheaf doing obeisance to his own servant.

But the very sun, and moon, and stars, did obeisance to Joseph too. Not only men, but angels also stand and admire the faith and courage and patient continuance of those who trust in God, and Christ Himself rises up and says, "Well done!" and beckons them to come and sit with Him upon His throne.

Reasons for not going to Church.—7th Series. No. 9.

The Parents of these two Boys stayed at home the other Sabbath to nurse a cold, so that they might be able to go to the Volunteer Review next day, and kept their children at home, too, because it was hardly safe to let two such little things go to church alone such a distance, nearly half-a-mile!

1	S	The Spirit hath anointed Me to preach the Gospel,
2	M	He hath sent Me to heal the broken-hearted.—*Luke 4, 18.*
3	Tu	When He ascended up on high, He gave gifts unto men.
4	W	And He gave some to be pastors and teachers.—*Eph. 4, 8.*
5	Th	The messenger of the Lord of hosts.—*Mal. 2, 7.*
6	F	We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus as Lord,
7	S	And ourselves as your servants for Jesus' sake.—*2 Cor. 4, 5 (R.V.).* The father of Hugh Price Hughes, the well-known Wesleyan, wrote this letter when his son told him he had resolved to be a minister: "My dear son, I would rather you were a preacher than Lord Chancellor of England."
8	S	Teach us to number our days.—*Ps. 90, 12.*
9	M	Joah the recorder.—*Is. 36, 22.*
10	Tu	In the 9th year, 10th month, 10th day of the month, the word of the Lord came unto me, saying,—*Ezek. 24, 2.*
11	W	Son of man, write thee the name of the day, even of this same day.
12	Th	This is that night of the Lord.—*Ex. 12, 42.* They say few women date their letters properly. "I find it so difficult to put my mother's letters in proper sequence. Sometimes I would give anything to know the exact day, month, year, in which some interesting letter was written."—*Lord Dufferin.*
13	F	The years of the right hand of the Most High.—*Ps. 77, 10.*
14	S	I will muse on Thy doings.—*v. 12 (R.V.).*
15	S	And the Lord said, Behold, he prayeth.—*Acts 9, 11.*
16	M	Like as a father pitieth his children.—*Ps. 103, 13.*
17	Tu	The Spirit also helpeth our infirmity.—*Rom. 8, 26.*
18	W	For we know not how to pray as we ought;
19	Th	But the Spirit Himself maketh intercession for us
20	F	With groanings which cannot be uttered. "Though my children's letters consisted at first of mere scratches, and afterwards, for a while, of a few words written down for them to imitate, I always thanked them for their pretty letter."—*William Cobbett, 1762-1835.*
21	S	Golden bowls full of incense, which are the prayers of the saints.—*Rev. 5, 8 (R.V.)*
22	S	The heart is deceitful above all things,
23	M	And it is desperately sick; who can know it?
24	Tu	I the Lord search the heart.—*Jer. 17, 9 (R.V.)*
25	W	Search me, O God, and know my heart;
26	Th	And see if there be any wicked way in me.—*Ps. 139, 23.*
27	F	He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool.—*Prov. 28, 26.*
28	S	Cleanse Thou me from secret faults.—*Ps. 19, 12.* "In Hamoaze, the inner harbour of Plymouth, one of the headquarters of the British Fleet for over 300 years, a small but dangerous pinnacle of rock was discovered only five years ago."—*Admiral Sir W. J. L. Wharton.*
29	S	Try your own selves; prove your own selves.—*2 Cor. 13, 5 (R.V.)*
30	M	Wherein thou judgest another, thou condemnest thyself;
31	Tu	For thou that judgest dost practise the same things.—*Rom. 2, 1 (R.V.)* "Thou who so lightly dealest death to me, Be thou then very sure of thine own soul." —*Stephen Phillips' "The Sin of David."*

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The Morning Watch.

VOL. XVIII. *Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.* NO. 11.

Playing at Keeping School.

"Hold out your hands, every one of you!"

Will be ready in a few days "THE MORNING WATCH" for 1905, Vol. XVIII. Price One Shilling.

Vols. I. to XIII. of "The Morning Watch," 1888-1900, are out of print.

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Be ye yourselves like unto men looking for their lord, when he shall return from the marriage feast. Luke 12, 36.

A POST OFFICE telegraph message boy told me once that sometimes, when he hands in a telegram, especially in the poorer parts of the town, he hears a woman scream the moment after. He knows that she has got bad news. Her husband is dying far away, or her son's ship has been wrecked.

Some people always pray before they open a telegram. Many linger a few moments, wondering whom it can be from, and gazing at the handwriting on the envelope as if that could help them. Most of us feel that news that comes suddenly and unexpectedly is almost certain to be bad.

"How many telegrams do you get in your office in a day?" I lately asked a friend from India.

"Often more than a hundred," he said, "but our average will be about eighty all the year round." Telegrams in that office are but letters, like silver in the days of Solomon, "not anything accounted of." That is to say, people who are always getting telegrams think nothing of them, or, rather, they would be unhappy if they did not get them.

When our Lord says He will come suddenly, we think He is speaking of trial and sorrow or death and judgment. We think of Him as coming like a thief in the night to spoil our goods, or as an executioner to summon us to die. And even so He does come sometimes. But He comes also as our friend, bringing, as that text in Luke tells us, not only good news but the best news. He is like one who has been married, and we are the house-party standing on the steps, running out to the gate, lining the way, at the home-coming of the bride.

Christ has His sorrows and He wishes us to share them with Him, but He has His joys, too, every moment of the day, and He bids us enter into them. And just as people in large businesses welcome telegrams, and give directions on every sheet of their writing-paper as to how telegrams may best be sent to them, so, if we had more and closer dealings with Christ, we should not be afraid when He says, Surely I came quickly, but would instantly make answer, Even so, come, Lord Jesus.

A few weeks ago I heard a man, who lately received a title from the King through the hands of Lord Curzon, the Viceroy of India, tell how the news came to him. It was at midnight, and he had just gone to bed, and when a messenger stood on the verandah and cried out that he had brought a telegram, he just said, "Jao," *Go away.* But for that "Jao" he and his family would

have had the good news seven hours earlier. So Christ comes many a time, and knocks, and we are fast asleep, or sore afraid, and we will not let Him in, and all the time He has come to tell us something that will make us glad.

Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail,
Or knock the breast, nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us.

What is Thy Name?—Gen. 32, 27.

A Good Name is better than Precious Ointment.—Eccl. 7, 1.

(Continued from page 111.)

What is thy name? Mercy.

"Then they told Mr. Honest of Mercy, and how she had left her town and her kindred to come along with Christiana and with her sons. At that the old honest man said, 'Mercy is thy name; by mercy shalt thou be sustained and carried through all those difficulties that shall assault thee in thy way, till thou shalt come thither where thou shalt look the Fountain of Mercy in the face with comfort.'"

I hope you remember the bit in *Pilgrim's Progress*, long before that, where Mercy was left standing without at the wicket-gate after Christiana had been taken in, and how she was afraid to knock any more till she looked up to what was written over the gate and took courage, and then began knocking again louder than ever, and kept on knocking, till she fell down in a swoon and was found by the keeper lying at the gate.

Mrs. Mercy Bradstreet, mother of Mrs. Sarah Oliver Wendell, was the great-great-grandmother of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the delightful *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, and as his grandmother on his father's side was named Temperance, we need not wonder that so many virtues met in him. Mrs. Mercy's grandmother, Anne Dudley, published in London in 1650 a volume of poems called "The Tenth Muse lately Sprung up in America." She herself in consequence was ever after jestingly known as "the Tenth Muse," but she was justified of her children, in due time, two centuries after.

Dr. Philip Doddridge—born 1702, died and buried at Lisbon 1751—an Independent minister, author of *The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul*, and of many hymns, one of them the immortal *O God of Bethel*, was equally happy in his birth and in his marriage. His mother had twenty children, of whom he was the youngest, and his wife was Mercy Maris, whom he describes in one place as "the dearest of all dears, the wisest of all my earthly counsellors, and of all my governors the most potent, yet the most gentle and moderate." Their letters to each other both before and after their marriage have been preserved, and are singularly interesting. Some of the names he gives her are very curious, such as "Thou dear wretch and best of women." He calls himself "Everywhere and always, invariably, your own Doddridge," "Your very fond husband and very humble servant." When he is from home he tells her he daily and hourly recommends her to God, prays for her especially, as was most right, when he was at the Lord's Table, and numbers the hours that must

What is thy name? Mercy

pass before they meet. Of her birthday he says, "No day ever took so much from me as the 22nd of December has given." "Your happy husband," he says, "who blesses God for you every day of his life, loves you, if possible, better and better every hour." Her letters in reply were such as such a husband well deserved. In one of them, for example, she thus signs herself:

"I am, my dearest Creature,
I know not what—for I can find no
form of words tender enough to express
with how much esteem and affection,
I am your own
MERCY DODDRIDGE."

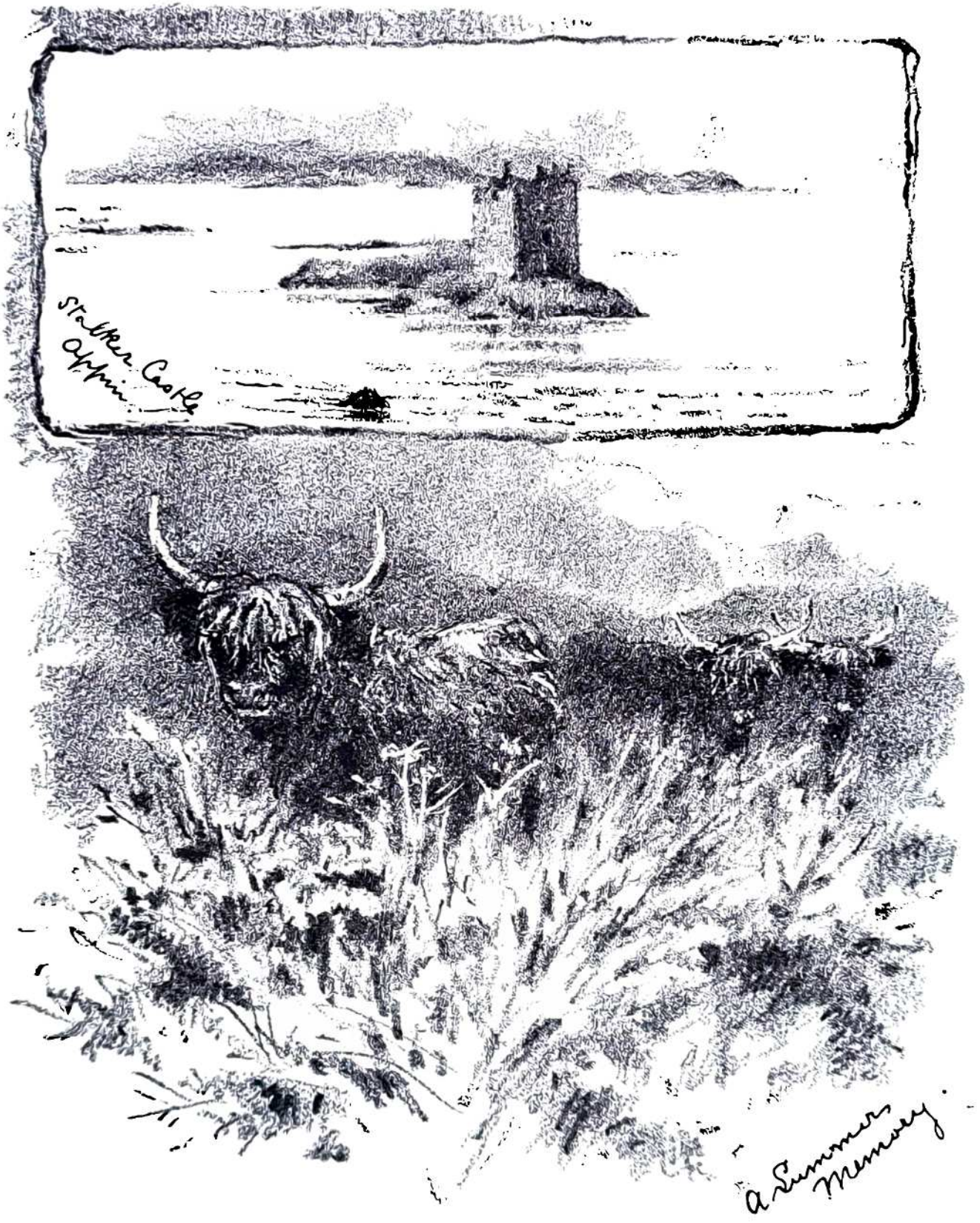
She died in 1790, aged 82.

I'd like now
To have just looked when this one came to die
And seen who lined the garret sides
And stood about the poor low-truckled bed
With the heavenly manner of relieving guard.

. . . . . .

A second, and the angels alter that.

—*Robert Browning.*



CASTLE Stalker, or the Castle of the *Falconer*, in Loch Linnhe, a few miles north of Oban, was once the great stronghold of the Stewarts of Appin. But one night in 1614, during a drunken debauch, the head

of the Clan, Duncan Stewart, sold it for an eight-oared boat to another Highland chief, Campbell of Airds. Next day he wished to recall his bargain, but Campbell cruelly held him to it. But there is never a blessing with ill-gotten gear, and thirty years afterwards the castle was taken from the Campbells in turn.

A Glorious Epitaph.

In the Dutch Reformed Church at Mvera, Central Africa, there is a tablet in honour of a Dutch Missionary's young wife, with these words on it in the native language:

TO THE MEMORY OF
BESSIE VLOK
DIED AT LIVLEZI
2 MARCH 1896.

SHE POURED OUT HER LIFE
AS AN OFFERING TO MAKE
KNOWN TO THE ANYANJA
THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

J. Du Plessis' In the Heart of Africa.

The rod and reproof give wisdom: but a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame.—Prov. 29, 15-17.

Arminius Vambery, a well-known linguist and traveller, tells us in his book, *The Story of My Struggles*, that in Hungary, when a Jewish boy passes from childhood to youth, at the age of fourteen, he and his companions are invited to an entertainment. In the centre of the table is a large basket made of a kind of baked dough. This is filled with *rods*, made of pastry, which are distributed at dessert amongst the boys, and eaten by them as a sign that the rod of correction will never be needed any more. "Correct thy son, and he shall give thee rest; yea, he shall give delight unto thy soul."

Apple Dumplings.

CHAPTER I.

The lady who gave lessons in cookery in a Board School in Leith used to say that little Elsie Vert was as good as a paid assistant. Elsie is the second one from the end on one's left hand in the picture. She came from somewhere near Haddington, and being an orphan lived with her aunt. She was the best sewer in the school, though not the best knitter—Maggie Young could beat her at that, but then Maggie had taken to knitting almost as soon as she could walk, and was supposed to be able to knit all night while she was sleeping! Elsie, further, was always singing, and was good at all games. But she liked best to play at being schoolmistress. One day when she was giving the children 'palmies' with a linen rag, she saw a girl standing a little way off, looking as if she too would like to play. Her she conquered instantly by bidding the two wildest girls in her class "go and fetch that wicked girl that is playing truant." The truant got six palmies, and felt greatly uplifted at being told to think shame of herself.

The stranger was little Mary

Macneish, who had come to spend a fortnight at the end of August with her married sister. Her father was a roadman in Argyllshire, and she had other two sisters at service in Edinburgh. It was said that when

the old man bade each of them good-bye when they were leaving home, the last thing he did was to pray on the roadside with them—"O God, if my lassies should ever forget Thee, Thou art not to forget them."

The last three days before Mary returned home, Elsie gave the children lessons in cookery. Some workmen were digging a 'found' for a new building, and turned up some rare soft clay. They had to cut down a big tree, too, and when Elsie saw the young green chestnuts she knew she had everything she needed for a lesson in the making of apple dumplings. There were plenty of planks for tables, different kinds of sand would do for the baking-powder and the sugar and the suet and the pinch of salt. A piece of narrow drain-pipe which they found in an adjoining field made a splendid rolling-pin, and pieces of brown paper which they affected to wring out of hot water and dust with flour were the pudding-cloths, and the chestnuts, cut up of course, made beauty apples. Then they boiled the dumplings in an imaginary pot for two hours, and it was wonderful how quickly these two hours went. Three days, as I have said, they played that game, with fitting intervals, to the delight of Mary and the amusement of the men and not less to the annoyance of the wives of some of them when their husbands hinted that, much as they preferred boiled tea as a fine strengthening and refreshing meal—and indeed they questioned if their stomachs now could digest any other kind of food—yet they would try to put up with a dumpling once in two years or so; it would show their children that their mothers were as clever as the School Board teachers with their big salaries, and it would silence some of their newly married fellow-workmen with their two and three courses every day, who were always boasting about their wives' good cookery.

CHAPTER II.

"I always take some of these to distribute on the road," said Mrs. Bunce-Lee, pointing to a heap of tracts and penny booklets, as she was preparing to go out in the 950 guinea motor-car her husband had given her on her thirtieth birthday.

"Do you mean that you toss them out as you fly past people on the road?" said a Scotch minister who formed one of her party of four.

"Yes; and don't you approve of that?"

"Most certainly not," was his answer. "I heard you quoting from *Alymer's Field* last night. Don't

you remember Tennyson's description of Edith?

For she—so lowly-lovely and so loving,
Queenly responsive when the loyal hand
Rose from the clay it worked in as she passed,
Not sowing hedgerow texts and passing by,
Nor dealing goodly counsel from a height
That makes the lowest hate it, but a voice
Of comfort and an open hand of help,
A splendid presence flattering the poor roofs
Revered as theirs, but kindlier than themselves
To ailing wife or wailing infancy
Or old bed-ridden palsy,—was adored.

"I think if you claim the right to speak to a man about his soul, you should give him the chance to answer you; such intimate dealing should not be simply for a moment, or all on one side. If you are really his friend, you should be prepared to show yourself friendly."

"You don't mean, of course, that I'm to stand and talk to him and then give him a sixpence?"

"Oh no! unless you find that a sixpence is the thing he most needs. But if you throw a man a tract, why not wrap an apple or a pear in it? I think I heard you say you have more apples this year than you know what to do with!"

All this was said kindly and with a smile, for the minister was an old friend of the family and knew whom he was talking to, and Mrs. Bunce-Lee showed her good sense by adopting the suggestion. A basket of apples was sent for, and after a little more delay the motor-car leapt off on its journey as if even it felt the lighter for its new freight. Mrs. Bunce-Lee herself that day found a new pleasure in tract-distributing, and owned, after they had gone five-and-twenty miles, that for the first time in her experience every tract she had thrown out had been picked up and looked into!

CHAPTER III.

"Father and mother and my little sister and brother went away to Edinburgh at six this morning, and won't be back till after nine, and I stayed at home to keep the house and look after the hens and the pig. It's the first jaunt my father and mother have had since they were married," This, and much more in answer to questions that were put, did little Mary Macneish tell the grand lady who halted in her motor-car as she drove past the roadman's house. "Here is an apple for each of them and two for yourself, and a little book to read," said Mrs Bunce-Lee; "it was good of you to stay at home and let your mother away for a day."

Half-an-hour after, the butcher's van that called once-a-week stopped at the cottage. The man wanted a drink and Mary gave him it, and showed him the apples which she had polished and set in a row. She offered him one of them. "No, thank you kindly, Mary," he said, "but I'll tell you what. These apples would be the better of being kept a week or two—unless your mother could make a dumpling of them. I'll give you a little piece of suet if you think she could manage it."

Mrs Macneish was a fine baker, but Mary had never seen her mother make an apple dumpling—they had more to do with their money than buy apples—but,—for a great idea

had entered Mary's mind—she thought a dumpling could easily be managed, and so she joyfully accepted the vanman's gift.

CHAPTER IV.

And then she washed her hands and set to, and pared and cored and sliced the apples, and put them in water to keep them from turning brown, and minced the suet, and made the paste, forgetting nothing that Elsie Vert had told her, and then searched out a clean bit of old linen towelling, and wrung it out of hot water, and dusted it with flour, and finished it all off and tied it neatly with a string, and had it ready to put into the pot for three hours' boiling, when back came the motor-car on its return journey.

Mrs. Bunce-Lee only meant to ask if Mary was not feeling lonely, but question followed question, and then everything came out, to that lady's great amazement and delight.

CHAPTER V.

But I think Mary's father was happier than any other body that night. He had seen his little grandson for the first time, and had been pleased beyond words to find how much respected by their mistresses his daughters were. No wonder he turned the blessing he asked at supper into a prayer of thanksgiving. But when, after the tea was poured out, Mary produced the dumpling, which she had kept not only warm, but hidden behind a door, he laughed outright, and said, "You are just your mother over again, as clever and as tricky, every bit!"

CHAPTER VI.

Mrs. Bunce-Lee has taken a great notion to Scotch servants, and has made Mrs. Macneish promise that as soon as Mary is ready for a situation she is to come to her place in Cheshire. There is a Presbyterian church only a mile off, to which her head-gardener, a Scotchman, and two of his assistants go, and Mary will go with them. The minister is a good old man and a most earnest and interesting preacher. Indeed she often goes herself to hear him.

CHAPTER VII.

This must be a short chapter, and by rights it ought to be the longest. For I should have liked to tell you about Mrs. Bunce-Lee's younger sister, Lady Davies Hinde, and her four charming children, and especially about Llewellyn the baby. But this I must tell you. The sisters have been telling one another things, and as a result Llewellyn's mother has motored lately three times from Edinburgh to Leith to visit a certain house, and she has solemnly affirmed she will not leave Scotland till she has secured the little girl who lives there to be her under-nursemaid.

"You see," she said to her husband, "a clever father is no good to children unless they have a clever mother, for 'two are better than one,' and unfortunately that is what you haven't given ours. But the next best thing is a wise nurse."

"Well, my dear," said her husband, "do as you think best, though I don't agree with you in all that you have said. And you should have

finished your quotation, 'Two are better than one, and a threefold cord is not quickly broken.' What with such a father, and—pardon me for saying it—*such a mother*, and such a prodigy of a nurse as this Elsie Vert, I am a little afraid we are rather overdoing it!"

Reasons for not going to Church.

7th Series.—No. 10.

One of this old man's congregation doesn't go now because she has been told that within one hour of her husband's funeral her minister was seen hurrying to the golf-course with a lot of golf-sticks under his arm. "He wouldn't have done that," she says, "if my husband had been a rich man; but it doesn't matter; only, I'll never set foot inside his church again as long as I live."

And what had really happened was this. The old man found a hockey-club on the road, and not knowing what it was, but taking it for some kind of agricultural implement that he had never seen had run after some field labourers, by whom he thought it might possibly have been dropped.

1	W	Whose god is their belly.—*Phil. 3, 19.* At a London City dinner, while turtle-soup was being served, Sir G. Groves talked with his usual charming vivacity. "Confound you, Sir," said his neighbour, a stranger to him, "you made me swallow that last piece of green fat without thinking."
2	TH	Greedy dogs which can never have enough.—*Is. 56, 11.*
3	F	God gave them their request; but sent leanness into their soul.—*Ps. 106, 15.*
4	S	They did eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God. —*Acts 2, 46.*
5	S	And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature,
6	M	And in favour with God and men.—*Luke 2, 52.*
7	TU	Be not children in mind:—*1 Cor. 14, 20 (R.V.)*
8	W	Howbeit in malice be ye babes,
9	TH	But in mind be men. "When I went to Harrow School, I felt that my heart would break as I scrunched the muddy gravel down to my tutor's house. But I said to my heart—'I have to be made a man here.'"—*John Addington Symonds,*
10	F	I have put away childish things.—*1 Cor. 13. 11.*
11	S	The measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.—*Eph. 4, 13.*
12	S	He declared how he had seen the Lord in the way.—*Acts 9, 27.*
13	M	The Lord had made his journey prosperous.—*Gen. 24, 21.*
14	TU	Jacob went on, and the angels of God met him.—*Gen. 32, 1.*
15	W	The Lord shall keep thy going out, and thy coming in.—*Ps. 121, 8.*
16	TH	Rough places made plain.—*Is. 40, 4.* Bless God for good roads.
17	F	No complaining in our streets.—*Ps. 144, 14.* "We had 35 gates on the road between this and the last market-town, most of them very heavy and made fast with latches."—*P. Doddridge writing from Stratford-on-Avon, 1743.*
18	S	I have set before thee a door opened.—*Rev. 3, 8 (R.V.)*
19	S	He hath regarded the low estate of His handmaiden.
20	M	The rich he hath sent empty away.—*Luke 1, 48.*
21	TU	Overcharged with cares of this life.—*Luke 21, 34.*
22	W	Choked with pleasures.—*Luke 8, 14.*
23	TH	Ye that are heavy laden.—*Matt. 11, 28.* "Sir H. Elliot the Ambassador was once admiring some jewels the Empress of Austria was wearing. She replied, 'When they bring them to me I feel like a horse that is going to be saddled.'"—*Grant Duff's Diary, 1899.*
24	F	Thou sayest I am rich and . . . art miserable.—*Rev. 3, 17.*
25	S	What lack I yet?—*Matt. 19, 20.*
26	S	Buy of Me white garments.—*Rev. 3, 18 (R.V.)*
27	M	So shall the King greatly desire thy beauty.—*Ps. 45, 11.*
28	TU	Yea, gird yourselves with humility to serve one another.—*1 Pet. 5, 5 (R.V.)*
29	W	The incorruptible apparel of a meek and quiet spirit,
30	TH	Which is in the sight of God of great price—*1 Pet. 3, 4 (R.V.)* "I asked the people in the lace-shop to show me the finest thing they had in stock, and they produced a flounce of Alençon, priced 1000 guineas."—*Grant Duff's Diary.*

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December, 1905. One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

Vol. XVIII. *Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.* No. 12.

Manners!

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December, 1905.

And about the eleventh hour, he went out, and found others standing idle. . . . . He saith unto them, Go ye also into the vineyard.

A MAN who had charge of the printing of a monthly magazine once said to me that his work had a queer confusing effect on his mind. "This is June," he said, "and I'm busy with the number for July. I'm always out of my reckoning, always living a month ahead."

That is true of most of us when December comes. An old English poet calls the last evening of the closing year

The twilight of two years,
Nor past, nor next.

So with the last month of the year. We live in it three or four weeks ahead. We are wondering what presents we are to get, or what we are to give. Or perhaps, if the year has been one of trial, or sin and sorrow, we are saying, "I hope next year will be a better and a happier one. I wish this one were past."

Most boys get careless when they come to the last page of a badly written copybook. If they were wise, they would try to make the last page, and the last line, the best. So with some men, when they are leaving a situation, especially if they think they have been unfairly treated. They do as little work, and as much mischief, as they can the last week. And that is a blunder as well as a crime. God's last is always God's best, and so should it be with us. The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

The best way to make next year happy is to make this one good. And there is still one whole twelfth of it left! If it is worth while going into God's vineyard to work though there be only one hour of the day unspent—and God says it is—is it not much more so with a whole month to come and go? Let us bless God, therefore, that it is still December, 1905, and not yet January, 1906.

What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32, 27.

A Good Name is better than Precious Ointment.—ECCL. 7, 1.

(Continued from page 124.)

What is thy name? Mildred.

MILDRED, second wife of William Cecil, Lord Burghley, 1520-1598, Queen Elizabeth's great Secretary of State, ancestor of the late Marquis of Salisbury, was the daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke, and one of the three most learned women of her time, the other two being her own sister Ann, mother of Francis Bacon, and Lady Jane Grey.

What is thy name? Mildred.

Her father was Edward VI.'s tutor, and it was said of him that, knowing that souls were equal, and that women were as capable of learning as men, he instilled that to his daughter at night which he had taught the Prince in the day. To Mildred he once wrote these words: "My example is your inheritance, and my life your portion." Five days after her death at the age of 76, in 1589, her husband wrote a "Meditation," in which he says: "There is no cogitation to be used with an intent to recover that which never can be had again; that is, to have my dear wife to live again in her mortal body, which is separated from the soul, and resteth in the earth dead, and the soul taken up to heaven, and there to remain, in the fruition of blessedness unspeakable, until the resurrection of all flesh, when, by the almighty power of God, Who made all things of nothing, her body shall be raised up, and joined with her soul, in an everlasting, unspeakable joy, such as no tongue can express, nor heart can conceive. Therefore my cogitations ought to be occupied in these things following: I ought to thank Almighty God for His favour in permitting her to have lived forty years together with me, and to have given her grace to have had the true knowledge of her salvation by the death of His Son Jesus, opened to her by the knowledge of the Gospel, whereof she was a professor from her youth. I ought to comfort myself with the remembrance of her many godly actions, and of her sundry charitable deeds, whereof she determined to have no outward knowledge while she lived, insomuch as when I had some little understanding thereof, and asked her wherein she had disposed any gifts according, and her often wishing that she were able to do some special act for maintenance of learning and relief of the poor, *she would always only show herself rather desirous so to do than ever confess any such act*, as since her death is manifestly known to me." Of these charities so modestly hidden—though I must say I think she should have made her husband happy by telling him of them herself—he gives a number of instances, of which these two are only samples: "Four times in the year she did send to all the prisons in London money to buy bread and cheese, commonly for 400 persons, and many times more, without knowledge from whom the same came. She did also yearly provide wool and flax, and did distribute it to women in Cheshunt parish, willing them to work the same into yarn, and to bring it to her to see their manner of working."

Miss Helen Keller, the American deaf and blind scholar and authoress, gives us a touching account of her first relations with her younger sister MILDRED. "For a long time I regarded her as an intruder. I knew that I had ceased to be my mother's only darling, and the thought filled me with jealousy. She sat in my mother's lap constantly, where I used to sit, and seemed to take up all her care and time. . . . Once I found her sleeping in the little cradle in which I kept my favourite doll Nancy, and I was so angry at her presumption that I rushed at the cradle and overturned it. She might have been killed if my mother had not caught her as she fell."

All this happened before Helen's mind had been awakened. "There was as yet no tie of love between her and me. But after-

What is thy name? Mildred.

wards, when I was restored to my heritage, she and I grew into each other's hearts, and we would go hand in hand though she could not understand my finger-language nor I her childish prattle."

The mother of the great Richard Cobden, "the Apostle of Free Trade," 1804-1865, bore, says his biographer, "the gracious maiden name of MILLICENT AMBER." Her husband was a kindly man, but helpless and thriftless. She, on the other hand, was richly endowed with native sense, shrewdness, and force of mind. In 1825, while helping to nurse a neighbour's child in the midst of an epidemic of typhoid, she caught the fever, and died at the age of eight and forty, a worthy mother for such a son to spring from. When she was gone her children were filled with gratitude and joy at the thought that, so far as they could recollect, "they had never wilfully given her pain." Millicent.

Professor Henry Fawcett, 1833-1884, had already taken a high position at Cambridge, being seventh wrangler and Fellow of Trinity Hall, when, in 1858, two shots from his father's gun, as he and his father were out shooting together, entered his eyes and in an instant blinded him for life. Within ten minutes, he said afterwards, he had made up his mind to face his trial bravely and to stick to his pursuits as much as possible. He entered Parliament after several defeats, and in 1880 was actually made *Postmaster-General* by Mr. Gladstone! It is to Mr. Fawcett we owe our parcel-post, our postal-orders, and our sixpenny telegrams. He himself used to say he owed his success and happiness to his wife, MILLICENT GARRETT, a Suffolk lady. They had one child, a daughter, Philippa, who as a student astonished the world by beating the Senior Wrangler, that is to say, she was the best mathematician of her year at Cambridge, an honour which no one ever imagined any woman could possibly attain.

A nation which shall not regard the person of the old.—Deut. 28, 50.

(See page 133.)

THESE two young women, and a third one, also with a perambulator, who has just gone away after a five minutes' talk with them, will be very much offended at being called young women. "Another young lady and I" is the phrase they always use, even when they ought to say *me* instead of *I*. "Only fancy that man speaking of another lady and I as women!" (Between you *and I* is another pet phrase of theirs, and of uneducated people generally, when they wish to show they know grammar.)

But, whether they are ladies or not, they have done a very unladylike thing in making that old woman go off the pavement on to the street. It would have been a cruel thing for the greatest woman in the country to do, even though it were the Queen herself, but it is all the crueller because these women are nurses, and a nurse's, next to a mother's, is the noblest and most responsible position any woman can hold. A teacher comes third. The foundations of a child's character are laid in the first weeks and

months of its life. These nurses are setting the worst example to the children God has committed to their care. He has said, "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honour the face of the old man," giving as His reason this—and there can be no stronger one—"thou shalt fear thy God: I am the LORD." Lev. 19, 32. To reverence the aged, to honour one's superiors, to say "sir," and "ma'am" when we speak to those who are older than ourselves, is a duty that rests, in some measure, on the same foundation as the fear of God. A people is in perilous plight, the Book of Lamentations tells us, when "the faces of elders are not honoured."

When people are old, says *Ecclesiastes*, "they are afraid of that which is high, and fears are in the way." A child loves to climb and always takes the most difficult road, but to the aged steps and stairs are heavy trials, and I say again it was very thoughtless, if not very cruel, of these two girls to compel that poor old woman to step off the pavement, and into the street, and then on again, so needlessly. But perhaps they will be sorry when they see what they have done, and they will be forgiven.

For God is not a God of confusion.—1 Cor. 14, 33.

It was said of the great Napoleon that one could tell he had not been born a king by the way he left things lying about in his bedroom. A look at one's own basin-stand, after one has used it, I fancy, would settle the same question for most of us.

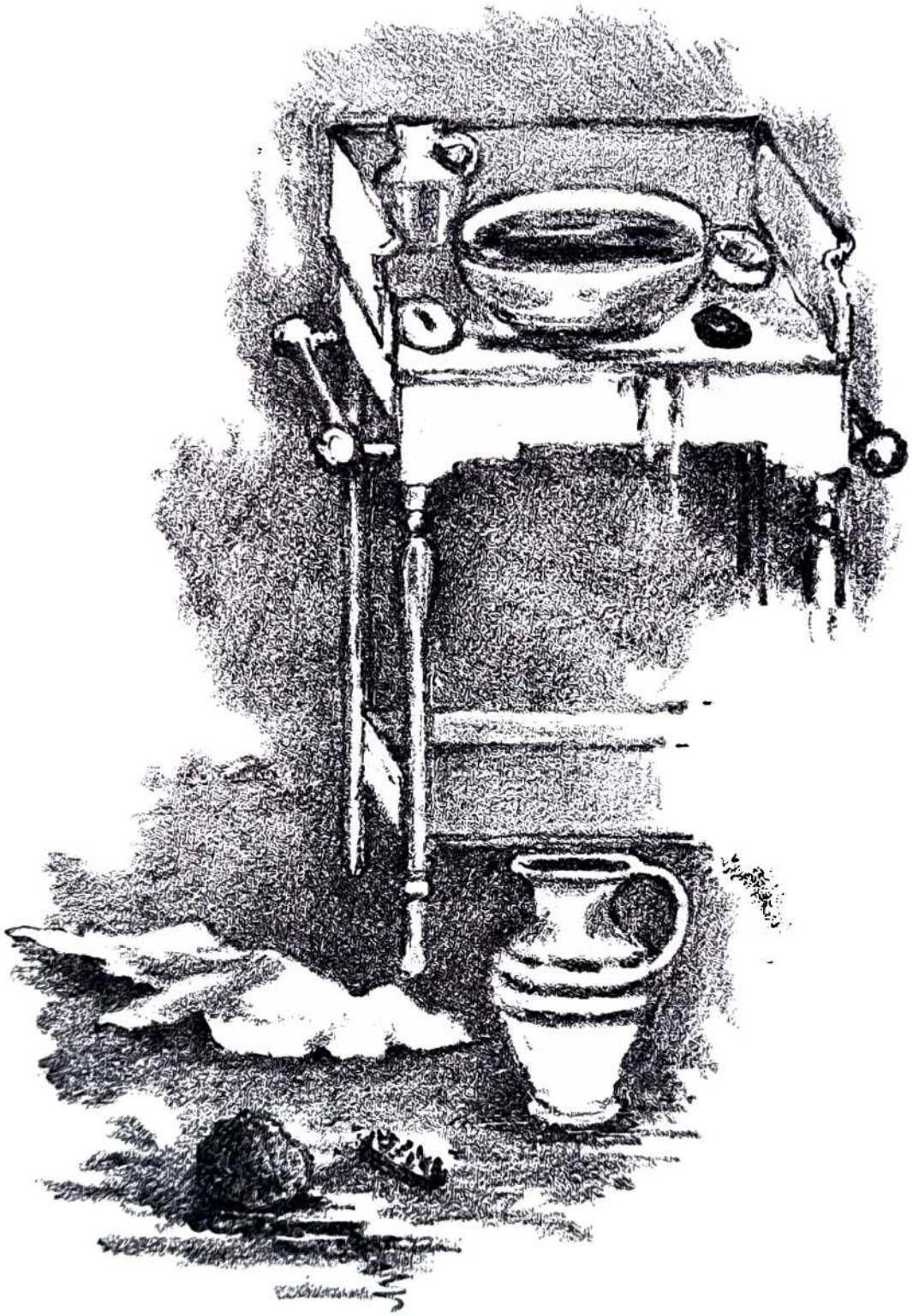
Do you remember how the Apostle John describes the washing of the disciples' feet by our Lord?

The first thing that struck him was, of course, *the infinite graciousness* of the act. "Jesus, knowing that the Father had given all things into His hands, and that He came forth from God, and goeth unto God, riseth from supper." That is to say, the act was wonderful beyond words because it was done to His creatures by their Creator, the King of Glory, God manifest in flesh.

But the second thing that struck John as he looked back on what our Lord did that night was *the beautiful way*, *the perfect way*, in which He did it. I don't remember any similar action of our Lord's that is told with such fulness and minuteness of detail. It is as if John had watched with admiration and amazement every movement of his Master's.

1. Jesus riseth from supper.
2. He layeth aside His garments.
3. He took a towel.
4. He girded Himself.
5. He poureth water into the basin.
6. He began to wash the disciples' feet,
7. And to wipe them with the towel wherewith He was girded.

No man that ever lived ever did any one thing *perfectly*, but Christ, though He was as truly Man as He was truly God, never did one thing that was amiss, from the hour of His birth to the hour of His death. John must often have marvelled in



his old age how it was that he and his brother disciples, who lived night and day in Christ's company for three whole years, were so slow to see that every action of His life proved Him to be the very Son of God.

There is no man, if we watch him closely enough, who has not some characteristic movements and gestures and attitudes. I have a friend whose way of putting on his overcoat is so very curious, that to watch him doing it really lessens the pain

one feels when the time comes for him to go away. And we know that our Lord loved to watch the eager strenuous way Peter girded himself.

What a sight it should have been to watch the Lamb of God, not only as He walked, but as He sat, and ate, and lay down, and slept. It was not simply the emptiness of the tomb that the Angels wished the disciples to see when they said, Come, see the place where the Lord lay, but its orderliness as well.

Our Lord, on this night of which John speaks, was putting off and putting on His garments Himself for the last time. In a few hours they were to be taken off and put on, and then to be taken off once more to be parted amongst his executioners. We may be sure that amid all the multitude of His thoughts He did not forget to bless God for the raiment that He wore, and especially for the seamless robe that had been woven for Him by some skilful loving hand. And when He poured out water as He now did for the last time on earth, I think He would not only bless God for giving it, but He would pray for the man that had so willingly carried it in the pitcher to that upper room a few hours before.

You must remember above all, that when our Lord washed the disciples' feet, and the feet of Judas who betrayed Him, it was a pleasure, a real joy, to Him to do it. His first miracle was turning water into wine, but here He put water to an an even nobler use, keeping the best to the last

So when He had washed their feet, and taken His garments, and sat down again, He said unto them, Know ye what I have done unto you? No doubt they thought they knew. He had been very kind to them, He had put rare honour on them, there was no fear of their not being princes now in the Messiah's kingdom. But how much taken aback they must have been, when He said, If I then, the Lord and the Master, have washed your feet, *ye also ought to wash one another's feet!* That was the very last thing in the world they would ever have dreamed of doing, for the one question they were ever ready to discuss was—Which of them should be the greatest? And now they dared never speak of that again.

The Boy that always Ate his Grandfather's Crusts.

LITTLE Hughie Flemington lost his mother and father before he was three months old. He and his two brothers, one four, the other six years older, were brought up by their grandfather, the wheelwright. When Hughie was six or seven, he noticed the old man now and again putting his crusts into his tea to soften them. "I'll eat them for you," he said, "my teeth are fine and strong."

His brothers were selfish lads, and always chose the brown crust when the loaf was cut. So from one year's end to another Hughie got little but crusts, and never anything but white crust, to eat, and being but a boy,

felt it, I must say, a little hard at times.

After a while, as the old man's health grew worse, and it was evident, after calculation, that his savings could only last other thirteen months at most, the two brothers went off to Liverpool, and thought they had done an uncommonly clever thing.

CHAPTER II.

There is no denying that their grandfather and Hughie were hard put to it now and then, but somehow they never missed a meal of some kind, and with every meal they sought and got a blessing If Hughie still got all the crusts to eat, he was also sole heir to all the old man's experience. Week day and Sabbath day he was always learning. A wheelwright's is a fine all-round trade, and Hughie could skill to work both in wood and iron. He picked up something, too, of forestry, and mining, and at nights did calculations, and drew out plans for imaginary cottages and stables. His drawings, I tell you, were a treat to see, done to scale and as accurate and clean as if they had been going to South Kensington. "Science is measurement," the old man never ceased reminding him.

Then in one day honour came to him. But by this time the old man was dead.

CHAPTER III.

It wouldn't be easy to put in few words what the law plea was about that sprang up between Lord Dudding and Sir Richard Dibdy. But it concerned the march-lines of two estates, and the right to use certain roads; and there was a big burn, too, that had changed its bed repeatedly in the course of years, and had played havoc not only with maps but with the recollections of honest men. The case came before Lord Durie in the Court of Session, and there was, as lawyers say, "a heavy proof." At the end of seven days' hearing Lord Durie was wishing the Lord President had not transferred that case to him, but had kept it on the roll of that Judge who was known to love cases in which noblemen were involved.

It was on the afternoon of the eighth day that one of the Junior Counsel said, "Hugh Flemington is the next witness, my lord."

"I do hope," said the Judge, "that you will try to inflict as few more witnesses upon the Court as possible."

"I shall be very brief, my lord. I have only one point to examine this witness on."

So our old friend Hughie was called, and having said "Yes, sir," to three questions, and "I don't know, sir," to a fourth that was put in cross-examination, was leaving the witness-box, when the Judge, who had been puzzling himself all week over some points on which there had been a conflict of evidence, said, not expecting enlightenment, "I don't suppose you could tell me anything about that road marked B B on the plan 17 of process. Show witness No. 17."

Now it so happened that that was

a road that Hughie and his grandfather had travelled every Sabbath day on their long six-miles' road to the old Cameronian or Reformed Presbyterian Church, and Mr. Flemington at once began to talk with all the clearness and precision that come of certain knowledge. Lord Durie began to look wide awake, then interested, then charmed. Next the agents at the table sent for their Senior Counsel to come in haste—"new developments had arisen." And still Mr.

Flemington went on, with his "yes," and "no," and "certainly, my lord," till he was asked what the length of B B on 17 of process was, but when he said "1984 yards," there was a burst of laughter, and the Judge looked grave, and the Agents and the Counsel tittered. It was felt that the witness was over-doing it.

And then he explained, "You see, my lord, my grandfather and I had to go six miles to church, and he was getting frail, and for part of the way we had choice of two roads, and we wished to know which was the shorter. So one week day I stepped them both twice over, and found the one was 1984 yards and the other 1770. I had practised stepping distances and knew to an inch what ground I could cover in 20, or 50, or 500 steps."

"But how do you remember those distances so accurately now?"

"I put the figures down in a book I had, and I was looking at them the other day."

"Have you it with you?"

"Yes, my lord." And then he handed it to the macer who handed it up to the Bench. It was then "put in process" and numbered 200 by the Clerk of Court. As it was handed back it fell, and as Lord Durie picked it up he noticed a charming little drawing of a cottage.

The case was resumed next day, and when the Court adjourned for luncheon, it was agreed on all hands that no better witness had ever been seen in that box.

A few minutes afterwards Mr. Flemington was brought by the macer into the Judge's room.

"I would like you," said his lordship, "to show me any more drawings of cottages you have in that book. My wife and I are interested in that subject at present." So the book was sent for, and when the Index was turned up, Lord Durie smiled as he read such things in the list of contents as these: "Texts I have heard sermons on:" "Ministers I have heard preach:" "Persons who have done me a kind turn."

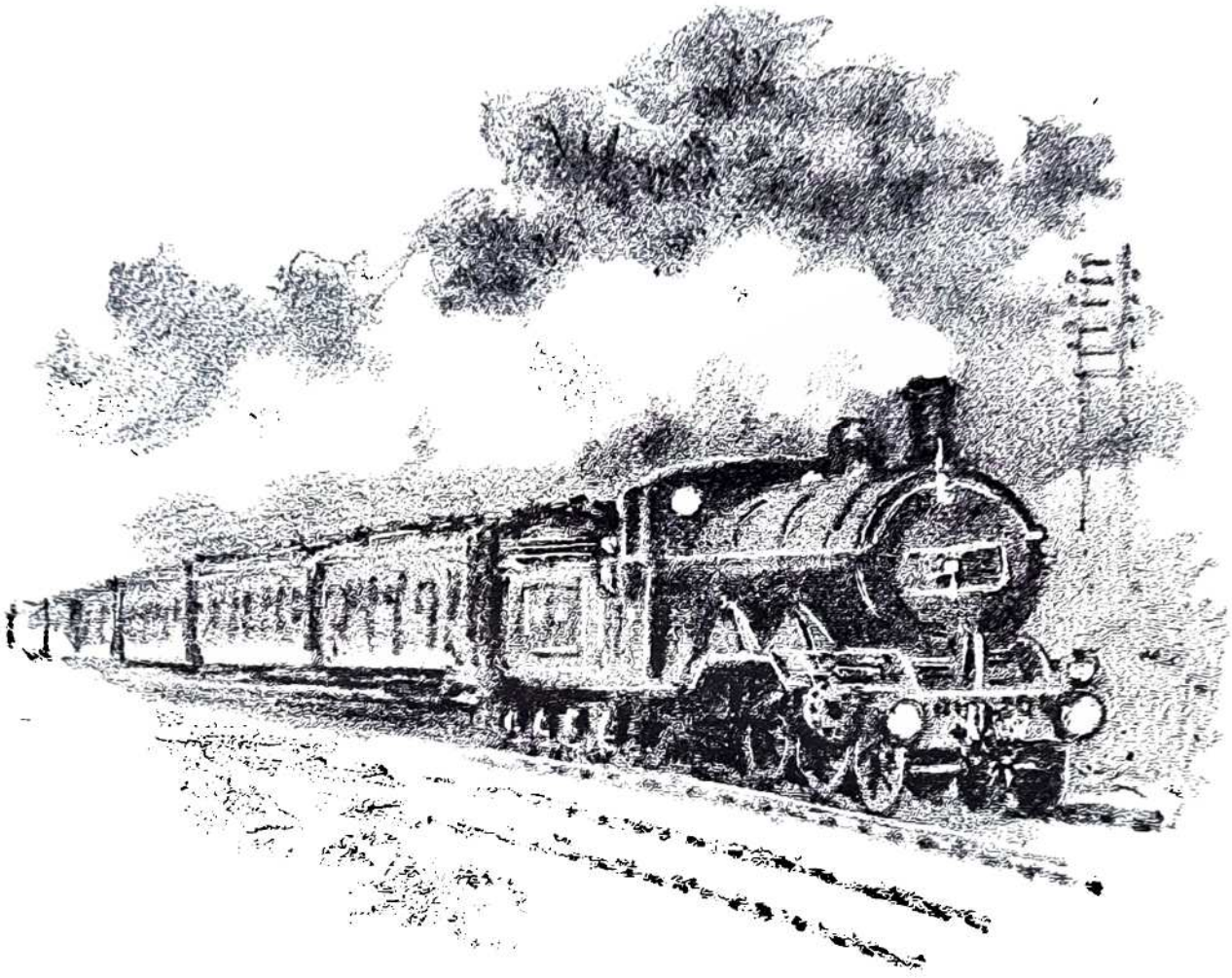
"I hope soon," said the Judge smiling, "to give you a chance to put my name down in that last list."

And the chance came quickly, for within a week Lord Durie told a nobleman with whom he was dining, who was complaining of the way his woods and forests had been mismanaged, that he knew the very man for him!

And I have no doubt that when Mr. Flemington's brothers hear of his advancement, they will come and fawn on him, and remind him how, when he was a child, they were "real fond" of him and always let him have his favourite crust! "Do you no mind that, Hughie?"

Reasons for not going to Church. 7th Series.—No. 11.

The hours of the young man who has charge of this engine at the Great South Docks, are 5 a.m. to 9 a.m. and 11 a.m. to 4.30 p.m., on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays; and 7.30 a.m. to 11.45 a.m. and



2 p.m. to 7 p.m., on Tuesdays and Fridays; and 4 a.m. to 10.30 a.m. on Saturdays. But every second Tuesday, when the African Mail Steamer goes out, he starts at 3 a.m., and every fourth Friday, when the French West Indian Packet comes in, he goes on at 4 p.m. and works till 9.30. Does he not feel these hours a little confusing? "Not in the least; once one gets into the way of it, it's as easy as the A B C."

Yet this same man doesn't go to Church because he never can remember when it "goes in." When he was a boy, the hour was 12 all the year round; in Fifeshire, where he served his apprenticeship, it was 11.30. But since he came to England he never knows where he is; it's 10 in some places, and 10.30, and 11, and 11.30 in others. The evening hours vary too, 6, and 6 30, and 7. It beats him to know why they can't all go in at the same hour and stick to it, as men do in their businesses. There, for example, on the Railway, speaking for himself, they know their hours and they keep to them. Every Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday, etc., etc., etc.

1	F	Great things doeth God, which we cannot comprehend.—*Job 37, 5-10.*
2	S	By the breath of God frost is given. "What a cunning silversmith is Frost! The rarest workmanship of Delhi or Genoa copies him but clumsily, as if the fingers were all thumbs. Fernwork and lacework and filigree in endless variety."—*J. R. Lowell: A good word for winter.*
3	S	Be still, and know that I am God.—*Ps. 46, 10.*
4	M	Speak, Lord; for Thy servant heareth.—*1 Sam. 3, 9.* An English Professor, being asked about Niagara, said, "Niagara? Oh! a horrid place; one can't hear the sound of one's own voice."
5	Tu	The floods have lifted up their voice.—*Ps. 93, 3.*
6	W	The Lord on high is mighter than the noise of many waters.
7	Th	Even the winds and sea obey Him.—*Mark 8, 27.*
8	F	And after the fire, a still small voice.—*1 Kings 19, 12.*
9	S	When Elijah heard it, he wrapped his face in his mantle.
10	S	Lord, who shall sojourn in Thy tabernacle?—*Ps. 15, 1-3 (R. V.)*
11	M	He that slandereth not with his tongue.
12	Tu	Nor doeth evil to his friend. Disraeli being told that a certain bitter epigram against him had been written by George Smythe, replied, "Oh! I thought there was in it the flavour of an old friendship."—*Grant Duff's Diary.*
13	W	Ye would make merchandise of your friend.—*Job 6, 27 (R. V.)*
14	Th	His companion whom Samson had used his friend.—*Judge 14, 20.*
15	F	A faithful man who can find?—*Prov. 20, 6.*
16	S	Jesus, having loved His own, loved them unto the end.—*John 13, 1.*
17	S	I am a companion of all them that fear Thee.—*Ps. 119, 63.*
18	M	Walk with wise men, and thou shalt be wise.—*Prov. 13, 20 (R. V.)*
19	Tu	Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend.—*Prov. 27, 17.*—"Sit down for a moment, Grizel, and let me look at you," he would say. "I want to write something most splendiferous to-day, and I am sure to find it in your face."—*J. M. Barrie's Tommy and Grizel.*
20	W	A man's wisdom maketh his face to shine.
21	Th	And the hardness of his face is changed.—*Eccles. 8. 1 (R. V.)*
22	F	I have seen thy face, as though I had seen the face of God.—*Gen. 33, 10.*
23	S	Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us.—*Ps. 90, 17.*
24	S	Thou art not far from the kingdom of God.—*Mark 12, 34.*
25	M	Pilate said unto Him, Art Thou a King then?—*John 18, 37.*
26	Tu	Pilate sought to release Him.—*John 19, 12.*
27	W	As Paul reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and the judgement to come, Felix was terrified.—*Acts 24, 25 (R. V.)* "Once in his life at least each man walks with Christ to Emmaus."—*De Profundis.*
28	Th	Did not I see thee in the garden with Him.—*John 18, 26.*
29	F	The young man went away (from Christ) very sorrowful.—*Matt. 19, 22.*
30	S	Jesus said therefore, Would ye also go away?—*John 6, 67 (R. V.)*
31	S	BUT THEY CONSTRAINED HIM, SAYING, ABIDE WITH US. . . . AND HE WENT IN TO TARRY WITH THEM.—*Luke 24, 29.*

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